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Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS 627

EDITORIALS:

The Surrender at Indianapolis 630

Light Breaking for Russia 631

"God is Not Dead of Old Age" 632

CIVIL LIBERTY IN THE STEEL STRIKE. By Mary Heaton Vorse ... 633

THE ADMINISTRATION ADRIFT. By Lincoln Colcord 635

KINGS AND STARS. By John Erskine 637

LITERATURE:

Blessed Are the Peace Makers 637

The British Labor Party 638

The Youth of England 639

BOOKS IN BRIEF 640

DRAMA: Somehow Good. By L. L. 640

ART: Put to the Test. By N. N. 642

INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS SECTION 643

BOOKS OF THE WEEK 648

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OWING to the congestion of presswork occasioned by the printers' strike, the present issue of *The Nation* consists of only thirty-two pages, and certain of the regular departments are necessarily omitted in consequence. It is hoped that after one more week it may be possible to get out full-sized issues containing all the regular features.

THE week has brought out clearly how completely Senator Lodge controls the situation as to the treaty. One reservation after another has been adopted, including, by a vote of forty-six to thirty-three, the one interpreting Article X of the covenant in almost precisely the same language which Mr. Wilson on his tour declared would "cut the heart out of the treaty." The Democratic strategy has been as ineffective as was to have been expected from Senator Hitchcock when deprived of the President's guidance and direction—and there has been a sudden cessation of his threats to kill the treaty if reservations were attached. Just how far the President has instructed Senator Hitchcock to go in the matter of a compromise is still in doubt at this writing, but if, as is now reported, Senator Lodge intends to apply the closure himself after defeating the feeble Democratic effort to vote it on a partisan basis, we shall not long be left in doubt. We are still of the belief that the two sets of politicians will get together finally on a compromise, which Mr. Wilson will suddenly discover to be just what he had had in mind all along. Despite the fact that Senator Lodge is so far removed from being a liberal or opposing the treaty on liberal grounds, it is impossible to withhold from him a certain reluctant admiration for the calm and clever way in which he has conducted his campaign. And how completely he has dished the great dailies who have been daily deriding him and his strength is amazingly apparent if one runs over the files of *The New York Times*, or *World*, or *Evening Post*. It was the last-named that declared only a month ago:

> The Republican leadership has piled blunder upon blunder. It has divided the party in the Senate, and in the country at large left it mortified and apprehensive. Lodge and Knox and the others vaingloriously attempted what they could not perform. Their plans were formed without an intelligent estimate of the forces at their disposal. No reproach of would-be leaders can be more severe than that.

The next day it asserted that "there is this difference between the offensive of March, 1918, in France and the offensive of the summer and fall of 1919 in Washington: the latter *never had a ghost of a chance*"—and this is what passes for editorial information and interpretation.

OF course it has never been true, as was so frequently alleged, that the Republicans were defying the popular will and digging their political graves by their opposition to the treaty. Had there been any such universal feeling Mr. Lodge and his associates must have bowed before an overwhelming blast. On the contrary, there has been a steadily growing opposition to the treaty; this was demonstrated in Kentucky when Mr. King Swope, a Republican, carried a Democratic district; and it has now been proved by the extraordinary overturn in the election in Oklahoma where Mr. J. W. Harreld, a Republican, also carried for the first time in its history a rock-ribbed Democratic district by more than 700 votes upon a straight issue of opposition to the treaty and the League. Again, if the "loyal" Democratic Senators were not kept in line by the party lash, the treaty would have been overwhelmingly voted down; the most bitter criticisms of it and of the President to be heard in the cloak-rooms come not from the irreconcilables, but from the Democrats who, having relieved their feelings, then go out and vote obediently for a treaty they do not believe in. As for the political situation today, it is the simple truth that if there were to be a Congressional election next week, the Republicans would have a walk-over. In this connection it is of interest that one of the ablest and best situated Democratic politicians in New York city is telling his friends privately that the vote against Tammany was not really an anti-Tammany outburst but was aimed at the national Administration.

FROM Spain we learn that the general lockout has been settled by an agreement reached November 12 between employers and employees. This settlement, if it becomes generally effective, will mark a pause—it is not probable that it will be final—in what seems to be generally regarded as a fight to the finish between Spanish capital and labor. Nowhere in Europe, perhaps, are the lines of

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the struggle more sharply drawn than in Spain, perhaps because there are comparatively few "middle interests." The Government, purely aristocratic and reactionary, is bolstered by the church, the army, and the nobility, and is characteristically obdurate in the matter of reforms. There is a large mass of uneducated peasants, and a growing, powerful, strongly organized industrial class, imbued with socialist and syndicalist doctrines. The unions—or syndicates—are strongest in Catalonia, where the most serious labor troubles have arisen. There their organization is elaborate and efficient. In Barcelona, for instance, the system of group syndicates—*sindicatos unicos*—has been found very effective. The syndicates are classified under thirteen heads, and grouped under a central control, the result being that a strike may be planned in waves, like the waves of a military attack; as a strike is ending in one industry, it breaks out in another. The syndicates include clerical and professional as well as manual workers; and it is interesting to note in this connection that even the army, though supporting the Government, is controlled by an officers' union, which took advantage of the critical period of the strike in 1917 to force its recognition from the king.

IN its last analysis this syndicalist movement is revolutionary, its avowed purpose being "the complete emancipation of labor from capitalist monopolies." Naturally there are counter-revolutionary movements. One of these, reminiscent of the Winnipeg Citizens' Committee of One Thousand, is the White Guard, or *somatenes*, numbering 18,000 citizens of the middle class, which has been organized in Barcelona to assist the police during strikes. This organization was so effective during the strike last spring that the Government has appointed an army officer to bring it to the highest possible degree of efficiency. It is also being organized in other cities of Spain. But the most important counter-movement, of course, is the organization of employers. Its chief weapon is the lockout, the object of which is literally to "starve out" the syndicates. Even before the recent difficulty it had been used so extensively that the syndicates were moved to issue a manifesto disclaiming any desire for violence in accomplishing the expropriation of capital, and pointing out that the measures taken by the employers were likely to goad the workmen to excesses.

THERE should be no need for such an International Workingwomen's Conference as met just before the International Labor Conference in Washington. But there is. Despite the fact that protection of women and children occupies half the agenda of the latter conference, not one woman sits as a voting delegate in its sessions. Women are invited only as non-voting technical advisers. Labor itself showed scant courtesy to the women workers. The American Federation of Labor did not recognize the existence of a conference which included delegated representatives from the trade unions of thirteen countries signatory to the League covenant. The women's resolutions have been presented to the larger conference and will be argued in its committees. Naturally they are more far-reaching than the proposals of the official organizing committee. They urge international conventions for the eight-hour day and the forty-four hour week, a minimum work age of sixteen, prohibition of night work for women and children and wherever possible for men, an international bureau of employment coördinating information from the national bureaus, prohibition of employment of mothers for six weeks before and six weeks after childbirth, and maternity benefits. The English women wanted maternity benefits for all women on the same principle as free schools and parks, but most of the Continental women argued for a restriction to workingwomen, largely on grounds of economy. A resolution calling for the lifting of the blockade of Russia was unanimously passed—a different fate from that which awaits Gino Baldesi's similar resolution in the official conference.

GENERAL PERSHING'S long-awaited testimony before the joint Military Affairs Committees will win him favor in no camp. Fortunately, he came out against the General Staff plan for an army of 500,000 men which Secretary Baker, the complacent, has adopted. Nor did the advocates of universal service get much help out of him, because he committed himself only to a six months' peacetime conscription of youths of nineteen. This, he declared, he would favor even if there were never to be another war, so worth while was it to save for humanity the fine moral and physical effects of military drill. Of course, this will not wholly please the Leonard Wood school, who are for a year's service at least. But with the two most conspicuous generals in our army favoring a standing army of only 250,000 or 275,000 men, the War Department will hardly carry its project for half a million. General Pershing further aroused the enmity of the General Staff by declaring that its scheme calls for far too many generals and too much promotion. This is certainly treachery to the caste that will not be forgiven him. On the whole, our only full General took a middle-of-the-road position, but at least he was as dignified and modest as ever. Not so Secretary Baker, who lowers his prestige with every week that passes. Thus he came off second best on November 4 in a controversy with Senator Chamberlain in which the Senator made the ex-liberal confess that officer after officer who testified before the Congressional committee against "the system" had been promptly demoted, and in one case deprived of his office. Among the many selected for Mr. Baker's petty wrath were General Ansell, General McCain, and General Kenly, the latter being disciplined for telling the truth about the aircraft situation. Seldom has office-holding done more to wreck a man's reputation than in the case of the Secretary of War.

WITH less than one day of debate the House has passed the Greene bill instructing the Shipping Board to get rid of our three billion dollars worth of ships and shipyards, in no case letting the payments drag on for more than ten years. The almost unanimous vote, 240 to eight, by which the bill was passed, was an indication rather of lack of interest than of enthusiasm for the measure. While the bill instructs the Shipping Board to sell out "as soon as practicable," its provisions are so vague that they might be construed either as directing immediate sales at whatever prices the market would bring—a policy obviously ruinous to our shipbuilding yards—or as meaning a continuation of the present Shipping Board policy of holding out for prices bearing a closer relation to cost. The bill now goes to the Senate, where Senator Jones has introduced a more constructive bill proposing the creation of a United States Merchant Marine Corporation with a life of thirty years. This corporation would take over the ships, shipyards, and

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other assets now in the hands of the United States Shipping Board and the Emergency Fleet Corporation, and undertake a more gradual liquidation of this immense property. It would be the purpose of the corporation, Senator Jones says, to open up new shipping routes and new foreign markets and in general to promote the American merchant marine and American foreign commerce. He believes that government ownership is a proved failure but thinks it impolitic to bring it to a sudden end.

GOVERNMENT ownership would be very certain to prove a failure under Senator Jones's plan, which provides that the corporation shall not compete with private American shipping lines. It appears to be the desire of the Senator that this holding corporation should bear the burden of opening up new fields only so long as they are unprofitable, and turn them over to private interests as soon as they become profitable. It is hard to see how this safeguards the interests of taxpayers any more than would immediate disposal of the vessels at less than cost. When the Government finds itself with two-thirds of our merchant marine on its hands, it is hardly fair to ask it not to compete, and to confine it to lines where private enterprise does not venture. Another provision of the bill extends the restrictive coastwise laws of the United States to the Virgin, Sandwich, and Philippine Islands and Guam, while a still more doubtful section directs the President "without delay to take whatever steps are necessary to abrogate the provisions of all treaties of commerce that restrict our right to impose discriminating duties on imports carried in American ships." The Senate Commerce Committee expects to hold hearings on these bills in December. So far the public has taken little interest in a matter which deeply concerns its pocketbook. Only the conflicting interests of shipbuilders and ship operators have made themselves felt.

THE crime at Centralia, Oregon, has profoundly stirred people everywhere, even though there is now striking testimony from soldier sources that the I. W. W. building was attacked by the procession before the shots were fired. But whoever is guilty or however great the guilt, the event ought to arouse everyone to the peril of the situation in which the nation finds itself. Everywhere one turns there is unrest and repression or bloody violence; and the Centralia horror comes just after our conventional and ill-informed press had gleefully declared that all was well now that Calvin Coolidge had been reëlected Governor of Massachusetts by a landslide. The country is reaping what it has sown; it has been teaching millions how to kill; it has expounded the doctrine that the way to punish a fellow you do not like was to apply "force without stint" to him, and we are now witnessing the private application of the doctrine on a large scale. The most lawless continue to be judges and district attorneys and law officers generally, and the gentle way they go about making good Americans in their raids is well illustrated by the following description of a raid upon the Russian People's House, taken from the most conservative of our New York dailies: "A number of those in the building were badly beaten by the police during the raid, their heads wrapped in bandages testifying to the rough manner in which they had been handled. . . . Doors were taken off, desks were ripped open, and even the few carpets were torn up." There was no resistance, but the place "looked as if a tornado had struck it"; "blood was everywhere on the walls." The alarming thing about the situation is not only the growing tenseness, intolerance, and bitterness on both sides, but the total absence of anything like a Christian disposition to stop the resort to violence; the most encouraging aspect of it all is the model behavior of 425,000 striking miners at whose door no single act of violence has yet been laid. But the churches are mostly as silent as the grave, and constructive spiritual leadership was never less apparent than today. The ship of state is in white water and nears the rocks—there is no one at the helm.

IN the past week it has become, by judicial decision, a crime to be a Communist or an I. W. W. Both, it appears, are "criminal anarchists," and in New York a man has been given a year in jail for expressing sympathy with the I. W. W. members charged with the Centralia crime. In Seattle, the office of *The Union Record,* the able and vigorous labor paper, was raided by the Federal authorities, and three of its editors are under arrest for an editorial in which they distinctly declared that violence was no cure for violence. We are witnessing everywhere a recrudescence of the rage against the I. W. W. which led to the many arrests and convictions and some deportations last summer. Yet the I. W. W. appears to continue to flourish despite the prosecutions, and the fact remains that arresting and jailing thousands of its members will not end the growth of the organization. There is but one remedy for that—the doing away with the conditions, notably in the Northwest, which breed the I. W. W. Nothing is more futile than the belief expressed by General Wood at Gary that a few deportations will end all the trouble. The Government, of course, has the right to protect itself against armed attempts to overthrow it. When men join any party that counsels violence they court violence and risk perishing by it. But any government which so fails to do justice to and satisfy large masses of the people as does our own, must see to it that besides preserving order it applies far-reaching remedies to heal the social diseases that cause these terrible outbreaks; else it will in time fall by reason of its failure to reform itself.

THE premature death of Walter Edward Weyl is much more than a serious loss to our contemporary *The New Republic;* it is a hard blow to the whole liberal movement in America, which is by no means oversupplied with writers of his ability and vision. After taking his doctorate at the University of Pennsylvania, Mr. Weyl studied at Halle, Berlin, and Paris. The Government eagerly availed itself of his services for labor investigations in Europe, Mexico, and Porto Rico, and employed him as a statistical expert in the Treasury Bureau of Statistics. His mind then turned to the political problems of the day, with the resultant appearance of his thoughtful volume on "The New Democracy," which was presently supplemented by his "American World Policies." One of the observers of the American disaster at Paris, Mr. Weyl came back filled with disappointment and indignation at the miscarriage of justice there and the throwing away of a glorious opportunity for instituting a new world order. Last summer there appeared in *The New Republic* the most brilliant essay that came from his pen, "Woodrow Wilson, Prophet and Politician," which is by all odds the best analysis of that inconsistent and baffling personality yet printed. Readers of that article cannot but lament the loss to the country of Mr. Weyl's able pen.

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The Surrender at Indianapolis

SURRENDER—complete, unconditional, and ignominious, without even a parleying for terms—by such action the miners' chiefs brought to an inglorious close the first phase of the coal struggle. The entire incident is a source of deep shame to thoughtful Americans, and an occasion of unqualified astonishment to the foreign labor representatives in Washington, who are asking in great perplexity "Have you no laws for such things?" Face to face with industrial aggression; overawed, apparently, by the Government clad in all its panoply of power; forgetting the forces of honesty and justice arrayed on their side, the miners' leaders flee like sparrows before the hawk. "We are Americans; we cannot fight our Government," they cry—and a besotted press thunderously applauds their true Americanism! Since when has the will of irresponsible executive autocrats and their complaisant judicial tools become so sacred that free Americans dare not oppose their bidding at the call of freedom and justice? We do not counsel disobedience to law; on the contrary, we assert with all emphasis that the miners' officials ought to have gone eagerly to jail, if necessary, just in order to vindicate law, in order to obtain from the Supreme Court of the United States a decision showing that there is still in this country such a thing as law—law, as distinct from the arbitrary will of the autocrats who happen at present to control the executive machinery. The pusillanimous capitulation of Mr. Lewis and his associates has robbed us of a precious opportunity for a revindication of those principles of justice and liberty which we still believe are embodied in the Constitution and laws of the United States, despite their flouting in Judge Anderson's court on Saturday last. In the history of freedom another battle has been lost for lack of plain courage; but the war goes on.

Adequate discussion of the case in its legal aspects is impossible at this writing, but certain facts are already apparent. The Government, as we are privately informed, contended that the Washington agreement was a contract between the Government, the operators, and the miners; but of this contention no word appears, so far as we have discovered, in the rather full press accounts of Saturday's proceedings. According to these accounts, both Mr. Ames's argument for the Government and Judge Anderson's decision were based fundamentally on the Lever Act. Mr. Ames declared: "The Government contends that this strike is illegal in that it violates the Federal Fuel Control Act." When Mr. Warrum for the miners attempted to argue the uncontested right of workers to strike without violence or disorder, Judge Anderson interrupted him to point out that the Lever Act makes it an unlawful conspiracy for two or more persons to arrange to limit production of coal, and that in consequence "I am going to hold that even two miners who work with their hands may not legally conspire to stop production of coal." He upheld likewise the Government's contention that the Clayton Act did not apply to the case: "When Congress passed the Lever bill it made unlawful any conspiracy tending to decrease coal production. That is the law and that ends it." When Mr. Rooker tried to discuss the Lever Act, Judge Anderson cut him short by holding that the act remains in force. "Can I discuss the allegation of irreparable injury?" asked Mr. Rooker. "Don't waste your time," was the reply; "I am going to hold that irreparable injury does exist in this case. Why, millions of dollars are being lost. What is the use in discussing this question or the Lever bill?" When Mr. Rooker undertook to deal with the Debs case, Judge Anderson again set him right: "I suggest you turn to the mandate that this strike order be rescinded. I am going to issue that unless you persuade me otherwise." It is not strange that "Mr. Rooker agreed that there was nothing more to be said." If this be *judicial* process, heaven help America.

The Lever Act makes it unlawful for any person during the war to conspire with others to limit the production or distribution of necessaries. In the debate just preceding the passage of the law Senator Husting said on the floor of the Senate: "I am authorized by the Secretary of Labor, Mr. Wilson, to say that the Administration does not construe this bill as prohibiting strikes and peaceful picketing and will not so construe the bill, and that the Department of Justice does not so construe the bill and will not so construe the bill." The Administration which demanded an injunction at Indianapolis thus squarely broke a solemn public pledge whose making was a condition of organized labor's consent to passage of the Lever Act.

But further, this is a criminal statute, and how a suit in equity can lie under such an act is beyond the comprehension of competent lawyers to whom we have submitted the question. Some of them, who profess no special sympathy for the strikers, do not hesitate privately to characterize the issuance of the injunction as a wholly lawless proceeding. That question we leave with them, remarking only that the entire handling of the case, from the moment of the President's first entrance into it up to Judge Anderson's final action on Saturday, bears the appearance not in the least of an effort to discover and apply the law, but of an attempt to bring a strike to an end by throwing the whole weight of governmental power into the scales on the side of one party to the dispute. This certainly is not justice, and so far as we can learn, it is not law, no matter what Judge Anderson may say. The miners' leaders ought to have fought to the last ditch. Even if we disregard the Government's compelling moral obligation under the Husting pledge, and the serious doubt whether an injunction could legally issue, the tying up of union funds and the command for withdrawal of the strike order constitute an extraordinary extension of the process of injunction; they imperatively require a judgment from the Supreme Court.

Whatever the technical legal position, the Attorney General's one-sided and lawless action, Judge Anderson's eager complaisance, and the pitiful acquiescence of the miners' chiefs have done more, we venture to assert, to spread among the rank and file of American workingmen a distrust of our Government and laws and a readiness for wild ventures into the unknown than the mouthings of all the "Red agitators" whom the watchful Mr. Caminetti could catch and deport in a year. If Judge Anderson's doctrine stands, any strike in any industry producing "necessaries" becomes unlawful upon the mere fiat of a minor Federal judge so long as the Lever Act runs—and it is not to be forgotten that the Attorney General has already asked of Congress an extension of that measure for six months after the ending of the war. If this sort of thing goes on unchecked, then the future of liberty in America is dark indeed.

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Light Breaking for Russia

AT last peace seems to be in sight for Russia. According to a telegram to *The Daily Herald* (London), the Polish Government will take the lead by asking all the warring nations to cease fighting on November 25 and to take part in a peace conference in Warsaw at that time. What the discredited and futile "Peace Conference" in Paris should have done, Mr. Paderewski leads in trying to do. Moreover, he is helped by the conference of the border states, at this writing going on in Dorpat, at which are represented Poland, Esthonia, Finland, Lithuania, the Ukraine, and the Lettish Government. This gathering sent an invitation to the Bolsheviki to meet with them on November 17. Thus may the way be cleared for an ending of the outside pressure upon Russia; for if all these border states make peace with the Bolsheviki, the Council of Five, which has not been able to deal with Fiume or to protect Hungary from the Rumanians, will certainly not be able to coerce all these border states into carrying on the war or aiding in the further starvation of Russian women and children.

As for the Allies and America, they are wobbling as much as ever in their indefensible treatment of Russia. The last British troops have been withdrawn from Archangel and Siberia, but on November 5 Cecil Harmsworth, the Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs, declared in the House of Commons that the economic pressure upon Russia would not be relaxed, nor, presumably, the effort to get Germany and the neutrals to participate in the isolation of Bolshevist Russia. Three days later Lloyd George at the Lord Mayor's banquet chilled the British reactionaries by hinting that there might soon be fresh negotiations with the Bolsheviki. In answer to roars of pain from the jingo press, Bonar Law, who now occupies the position of official translator of Lloyd George's cryptic utterances, explained that his chief had merely expressed a pious hope that the final British policy would be determined by Parliament, knowing full well that that subservient body had voted by 251 to 52 on November 5 to uphold Winston Churchill in sending more arms and money, to the extent of $75,000,000 to Denikin. "The war against the Russian Soviet Government is the greatest crime in the history of the world," declared Commander Kenworthy during this debate in Parliament, adding the wish that he might live to see the impeachment of the members of the Government chiefly responsible for this crime. Commander Kenworthy's feeling is shared by the Labor party and the Trade Union Congress, but though the British masses are opposed to the wicked acts of their Government in Russia, they seem powerless to affect its policy.

In France, too, the working classes are overwhelmingly opposed to Russian intervention, yet Clemenceau goes on in his stupid and vindictive policy and calls upon all the world to join him in opposing the spirit of Bolshevism. Here in America there are great mass meetings of protest; there is the most overwhelming applause at any meeting for the speaker who advocates ending America's part in the wholesale murder going on in Russia. Yet the Assistant Secretary of State, Mr. Phillips, publishes a statement in which he misrepresents the facts as to the Bolshevist attitude toward the Nansen proposal for feeding Russia and insists that we must go on with our inhumanity in order to keep Bolshevist gold from corrupting America! In this despicable game of doing precisely what Woodrow Wilson assured the Russian people that we would not do—he cabled in March, 1918, to the Congress of Soviets: "I beg to assure the people of Russia through the Congress that it [America] will avail itself of every opportunity to secure for Russia once more complete sovereignty and independence *in her own affairs* . . . The whole heart of the people of the United States is with the people of Russia in their attempt to free themselves from autocratic government and become the masters of their own life"—no instrument is too bad to use. So we have the Allies turning to Germany, the wicked, for its aid in tightening the blockade with the threat, already partly in force, to blockade her again and starve more of her women and children, if Germany does not pliantly join in the task of starving the Russians. As *The Nation* (London) puts it: "Some Powers blockade, others are blockaded. To Germany is reserved the supreme felicity of doing and suffering at the same time. While her late enemies inflict hunger upon her, they do at the same time lift her almost to their own level by permitting, nay, inviting, her to join in starving Russia." Or, as the Berlin *Vorwärts* puts it, "War against the Soviet power, war against anti-Bolshevist troops, blockade against Germany because German soldiers are fighting against the Soviets and at the same time a demand upon Germany to blockade Russia—who can make any sense out of this?"

But while the Council of Five, or the British Government, or whoever else is responsible for this wholesale and inhuman wickedness, plots against Russia, events in Russia show them no mercy. If one could believe that success in arms inevitably means that Divine Providence is with the victors, then could we read in the recent military happenings the intervention of the Almighty on the side of the Bolsheviki. The disasters that have overtaken the forces of autocracy are now beyond concealment or misinterpretation. Judenitch's effort to take Petrograd has completely failed. He is falling back in disorder at a rapid rate and losing heavily. General Denikin's plight is even worse; for he was vigorously attacked on the Warniak-Tulchin-Brataslav line on November 4 by the Ukrainians and was compelled to withdraw in hot haste across the Bug River, leaving behind much booty, war material, and ammunition, besides many prisoners. What adds to the danger of his situation is that while he is retreating in the direction of Kiev, the Bolsheviki in his rear have taken Faustovo and Archangelsk. He is, therefore, if these despatches are correct, caught between two fires. As for Kolchak, the foreshadowed evacuation of Omsk is now a reality. He is moving out comfortably in the direction of Irkutsk, a thousand miles away, where he will stand with his back to Lake Baikal—not a pleasant military position. But at least Irkutsk is half way to Vladivostok, which fact must be an encouragement to this imposter who will yet arrive there. But it cannot add to his happiness that the Cossacks have refused to permit their General Rozanov to obey Kolchak's order to report to Omsk in disgrace because of the friction between him and the Allied commanders at Vladivostok. In every direction the Bolsheviki, who, we have been assured a hundred times, had collapsed, are winning easily. Yet our bankers still send money to Kolchak, our soldiers still deliver him armored train-loads of rifles, and our Government is utterly blind as to what it signifies and what lies underneath.

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"God is Not Dead of Old Age"

IT is a pleasant literary speculation, and not without its moral bearings, to inquire whether the disorder and discontent and chaos just now obvious among men may not arise from the fact that the world has grown too large for us to manage—like a lion cub which can no longer be played with or like another emancipated Frankenstein which indeed we have created but which refuses to do our bidding any longer. A man of affairs, a financier certainly not acclimated to philosophic despair and certainly accustomed to govern wherever his hand turns, lately ventured such an explanation. It may be, he said, that there is no solution which our reason can arrive at. We look about us for authentic leaders and see none; we pass in review hundreds of counsels but find none that seem in all ways to suit—unless we are doctrinaires; assuredly of all the schemes we have tried no one has been successful. By what right do we assume that some such device for salvation exists? Plagues have come before for which there was no cure. Our world crisis may be one of them. It may be that the day of solutions is over. H. G. Wells would have us search history to find our future there—or at least some track pointing to a future we can reasonably confide in. But perhaps he was just as near the truth in his younger scientific days, when he gave us vivid pictures of men who had travelled beyond the known areas of our kind, no longer the engineers of their own destiny but drifting about at the convenience of fate. We think of Anatole France, voluptuously contemplating the age when our earth shall have grown too cold for human habitation and men have gradually died away among the ice hummocks of a universal frozen sea. Or, bitterest of all, we remember Thomas Hardy's fancy of the delegate sent up to God to ask about the direful state of the planet, only to learn that God has utterly forgotten us, and but dimly recollects that He had made us long ago and had meant to destroy His experiment when He saw how contemptible it was. Beyond Hardy on that path of reflection lies merely such madness as drove Swift to his Yahoos and Houyhnhnms. And if we dare the path the only escapes from madness are some Asiatic discipline of the will to the peace of acquiescence or some sleek optimism shutting its eyes to all the evidences of horror, and chattering and eating and wooing merrily among them as if they did not exist and could never come into being.

Along that path lies madness—but we need not take that path. Nor is it a trivial optimism alone that can hold us back. Without doubt too many men and women in the world are just now too optimistic. After the excessive and artificial strain imposed upon them by the war their spirits have relaxed, their consciences have grown dull, and they have sat down for a vacation among the ruins. This is one of the innumerable prices which mankind pays for the mad luxury of war. But it is still too early to conclude that civilization is a wreck. Civilization is very old, and every new exploration among its ancient monuments makes clear that it is older than we thought before. The Mousterian, the Aurignacian, the Solutrian, the Magdalenian, the Azilian, the Neolithic ages must each have seen in its particular downfalls the end of mankind; and yet thousands of years were still to elapse before there followed what we have till recently called the dawn of civilization. The destruction of the great Minoan city of Cnossus, Havelock Ellis maintains, may have been a more memorable event in the history of human affairs than the catastrophe from which we are trying to recover. To certain types of mind a view of history so extensive as this is like a first realization of the vastness of the physical universe. If time is so long and space so wide we are but momentary and infinitesimal insects whom it is scarcely worth any one's efforts, even our own, to preserve. Yet the advances of civilization have been largely effected through just this enlarging vision of our natures and our cosmic residence. After the first despair, not unlike that of a child strayed from the nursery into a crowd, comes a sense of greater dignity at being part of a structure so vast, a new hopefulness that what has endured from everlasting will still endure. The Spanish peasants have a proverb with which they console themselves when there seems no other consolation: "God is not dead of old age." In such a saying Sancho Panza touches Aristotle. Aristotle could think of a universe without beginning or end, moving indeed toward no definite point but moving always through successions of being. Less metaphysical, the peasant knows as truly that rain follows sunshine and harvest the time for planting, and that in each new season the old labors come back to be done again.

In the midst of our worst distresses we have need of some such cooling wisdom. It is, of course, the faith of men who have not hoped for too specific a mortal or immortal career. We do not hasten to console the lover who has lost his mistress with the assurance that for ages there will still be love and mistresses. We do not hasten to answer the man who has just failed of a fortune by telling him that though he is poor the sum of the world's wealth is still the same. And yet both these things are true. The fact to be remembered is that in the very world where thrive the ardors of the lover and the seeker of his individual fortune, and where tragedy goes with defeat, there exist also such perennial processes as the patience of the grass and the slow healing of time. There is a spacious rule of life which has never been formulated but which is probably held by most enlightened men and which better than any other combines ardor with ripeness of reflection—a rule which in effect says that though we should work at our appointed tasks as if everything hung upon success we should afterwards regard each success or failure as something which really does not matter. Thus only can we advance with our fullest power; thus only can we free ourselves from the past when we are done with it, not moaning too loudly over defeat or being too vainly elated by some little victory. To extremists such an attitude will seem a frivolous compromise. It is the solemn hallucination of the complete radical that by ardor and by ardor alone can the world be saved, and that each defeat of each plan he follows will mean disaster. It is the cheerful prejudice of the complete conservative that in spite of temporary oscillations here and there nothing is really to be gained by ardors, for when they have cooled, the world will continue its decreed procession down a road paved with ardors flattened under its solid tread. But between them is that temperate zone where men are continually warmed by the fires that keep mankind alive and yet draw from the long records of civilization the wisdom that shows them how to keep the fire within its bounds, that it may do its work without waste and destruction.

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Civil Liberty in the Steel Strike

By MARY HEATON VORSE

THE steel strike has been marked by the orderliness of the strikers on the one hand, and on the other by the sweeping denial of their civil rights, and by the brutality of that extraordinary body of men, the State Constabulary of Pennsylvania. When one states that in Homestead, for example, there was a reign of terror, that men were beaten for no cause and chased down the street into strange houses; that men and women were arrested and fined for no cause and their fines remitted under promise that they would go back to work; and that posters fomenting race hatred are even now in current circulation in the steel mills, the statements sound fantastic. Let the documents, however, speak for themselves. One may choose almost at random from a wealth of material. The cases cited are not isolated; town after town had its own story of terrorism to tell.

In spite of Judge Gary's statement to the contrary, men were persecuted and dismissed for union activities.

Not only were such methods used to discourage the men from organizing, but the rights of free speech and free assembly were denied them. No meetings were allowed in Farrell, Monessen, and Donora. In McKeesport people were arrested while attending a meeting and fined excessively. Rabbi Wise was refused a permit to hold a meeting in Duquesne, the burgess of this town remarking with naïve truth: "Jesus Christ couldn't hold a meeting in Duquesne." Since September 22 no meetings have been allowed in Pittsburgh except at the Labor Temple. The strike in that city is unpopular with the authorities. Because the sheriff does not like Mr. Foster, he arbitrarily takes away the workers' civil liberties, though at no time has there been even a suggestion of disorder in Pittsburgh.

Before the strike was actually in progress, the State Constabulary was called in and an extra police force of 5,000 was deputized in Allegheny County alone. Among these deputies were Negro strike breakers—in the towns of Donora and Monessen—and this during a time when an epidemic of race riots had swept the country. Meantime, posters like the following, which were circulated by the Foremens' Association, National Tube Company, Elwood Works, appeared in the mills:

WAKE UP AMERICANS!

ITALIAN LABORERS, organized under the American Federation of Labor, are going to strike Monday and are threatening workmen who want to continue working.

These foreigners have been told by labor agitators that, if they would join the union, they would get Americans' jobs.

They are being encouraged by ITALIAN MERCHANTS who are in sympathy with them.

ARE YOU GOING TO SLEEP AND LET MOB RULE THREATEN THE PEACE OF OUR TOWN?

In the town of Clairton the American Federation of Labor was unable to obtain a permit to hire a hall for a meeting. Finally, however, a vacant lot was hired from a mill worker and a permit was given for a meeting. When the gathering was held, the State Constabulary rode down the crowd of men, women, and children, who started to disperse without disorder. Then a trooper pulled down the American flag which had been put up, and it was trampled under his horse's hoofs. Let the affidavits presented to the Senate Committee tell the rest of the story:

The State troopers rushed on the lot and the people started to run away, but when said State troopers rushed to the platform and tore down our flag, then the men became incensed and some ex-soldiers seeing our flag being insulted and defiled rushed at said troopers in defense of our flag and started the excitement and almost caused a riot and loyal citizens were greatly incensed. That there was no provocation for said interference and riding over women and children.

The following affidavits are from ex-service men:

The State police knocked the flag down. I told him to watch the flag. "Don't knock it down," and he said, "The hell with the flag!"

The State police rode up to the stand and knocked down American flag and the horse tramp all over it and I called the corporal over and asked him what he meant tearing down the flag I fought for in France for fourteen months and he said, "Don't talk to me, I did not tear the flag down," which he did.

This assault on the flag has the appearance of a deliberate attempt to incite to riot.

The following affidavits are typical of scores of others not only in Homestead, but in Butler, Braddock, Monessen, and other steel towns:

Before me, the undersigned authority, personally appeared Nick Hotonski, who being first duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he lives at 327 Third Avenue, Homestead, Pa., that on Sunday, September 28, 1919, at 8.30 p. m. the deponent was returning from a union meeting in Sokol Hall when he was, without cause or reason, arrested by two borough policemen, who took him to the Homestead police station; deponent was confined at said station under lock and key for two days and two nights; the deponent being released at 9 p. m. on Tuesday, September 30, 1919; no evidence of any character was produced at any time against the said deponent that could or might show that he had violated any law or ordinance of the Borough of Homestead.

(Signed) NICK HOTONSKI.

Before me, the undersigned authority, personally appeared Paul Kurimski, who being duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he lives at 531 Third Avenue, Homestead, Pa., that on Monday, September 22, 1919, at about 2 p. m., deponent, together with one John Pochuto (Pochuto went to Virginia October 1, 1919) was going from Ann Street to Sokol Hall to a union meeting, there being held at the time. That when deponent and Pochuto got to the corner of Fifth Avenue and Ann Street they witnessed at this point about eleven State policemen mounted on horseback; the said policemen being only about three houses distant from Sokol Hall where the said union meeting was taking place; that deponent witnessed one of the horses slip and fall; that he stopped for a moment to look and then immediately continued walking, whereupon several of the State police, without warning and without cause and without justification, charged the deponent and his friend Pochuto, the said State police driving their horses up on a sidewalk and against the bodies of deponent and Pochuto, whereupon the deponent in terror sought refuge by running into a nearby house, running to the third floor of said house, whereupon three State police chased the deponent up into the very house in which deponent sought refuge, up to the third floor where deponent there was, and said State police did there and then strike, abuse and injure the said deponent, striking the deponent violently upon his head causing injuries thereon. Deponent was bathed in his own blood as a result of the vicious, brutal and unjustified attack made by the three State policemen upon

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him, the deponent. Deponent was then dragged off to the Homestead police station through the streets of the Borough of Homestead, still bleeding profusely, and deponent was lodged in the Homestead police station. Deponent was first taken to the Munhall police station and was there confined from about 2 p. m. to 6 p. m. and was then removed to the Homestead police station and was there confined until 8 p. m., at which time deponent, together with Pochuto, who was also arrested, was given a hearing before Burgess McGuire and was fined $14.65 each. Deponent on account of the severe injuries which he had sustained, and on account of the bruises and loss of blood sustained by him by the said attack by the said State police, while confined in the Homestead police station, asked for the privilege of medical assistance which was denied him. Deponent was not able to treat his injuries until after his release when he was able to get home. Deponent does not know nor understand why or for what reason he was beaten, abused, bloodied, arrested, and fined, nor is he able to ascertain why he has been forced to suffer all the injuries and indignities above complained of. Deponent avers and says that at all times he has been peaceable, quiet, and orderly, and especially so upon the day and date of the grievances above complained of.

(Signed) PAUL KURIMSKI.

Of special interest is the case of John Bodnar and Mary Dudash. The statements of Bodnar and Dudash follow:

Before me, the undersigned authority, personally appeared John Bodnar, who being duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he lives at 542 Goldway, Homestead, Pa., that on Tuesday, September 23, 1919, at about 2 p. m. he went to visit his cousin and after leaving the house of his cousin was accosted on the street by a member of the State police who commanded him, the deponent, to enter a certain house, indicating a house, which house and residence was not known to the deponent; that deponent informed said State policeman that he, deponent, did not live in the house indicated by the State policeman, nevertheless, the said State policeman said it makes no difference whether you live in there or not, you go in there anyhow, thereupon in fear of violence, deponent did enter the said house, which house was two doors away from the house of the cousin of deponent; that after a time deponent came out of the house into which he had been ordered. Whereupon the said State policeman returned and again commanded deponent to re-enter the house aforesaid, and upon again being informed by deponent that he, the deponent, did not live in said house, the said State policeman forthwith arrested the deponent and brought him to the Homestead police station, and at a hearing at said station before the Burgess, was fined the sum of $9.65, which amount was paid by deponent. Deponent was charged with disorderly conduct, but deponent denies that he was in any way disorderly; that on the contrary avers and says that he was on the day in question, and at all other times, he, the deponent, was a peaceful and orderly person, and that deponent does not understand why he was chased into the strange house, nor why he was arrested, nor why he was fined.

(Signed) JOHN BODNAR.

Before me, the undersigned authority, personally appeared Steve Dudash, who being duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he resides at 541 East Fifth Avenue, Homestead, Pa.; that on Tuesday, September 23, 1919, in the afternoon of said day, his wife, Mary Dudash, was severely scalded, burned, and injured by reason of a sudden fright sustained when a State policeman forced John Bodnar into the home of the deponent and his wife, Mary Dudash, that said Mary Dudash, the wife of the deponent, was in a very delicate condition at the time of the fright and injury complained of, caused by the State police and that on Sunday, September 28, 1919, following the date in question, namely the 23d, the said Mary Dudash, wife of deponent, gave birth to a child; that on account of the action of the State police in forcing John Bodnar with terror into the home of deponent and his wife, Mary Dudash, that said Mary Dudash, the wife of the deponent, has been rendered very sick and has suffered a nervous collapse and is still suffering from the nervous shock sustained, on account of the action of the State police above referred to.

(Signed) STEVE DUDASH,
(His X Mark).

One of the most inexplicable cases, whose only reason seems to have been the desire to incite to riot, occurred in Braddock. This case was testified to before the Senate Committee, and it is covered by affidavits; but is presented perhaps most vividly in this letter of Father Kazencz:

W. Z. Foster,
Pittsburgh, Pa. *Braddock, Pa., 1919, September 27*

DEAR SIR:

The pyramidal impudence of the State constabulary in denying charges of brutal assault perpetrated by them upon the peaceful citizens of the Borough of Braddock prompted me to send a telegram to the Governor of Pennsylvania in which I have voluntarily offered to bring forth two specific cases of bestial transgression of their "calling."

On Monday last, at 10 a. m., my congregation leaving church was suddenly, without any cause whatever, attacked on the very steps of the Temple of God, by the Constables, and dispersed by these iron-hoofed Huns. Whilst dispersing, indignation and a flood of frenzy swayed them, frenzy augmented by that invisible magnetic force, the murmuring raging force of 3,000 strong men. One could feel that helpless feeling of being lifted up by some invisible force, thrown into the flux of raging, elemental passion of resentment, against the Cossacks of this State.

Nevertheless, it was the most magnificent display of self-control manifested by the attacked, ever shown anywhere.

They moved on, with heads lowered and jaws firmly set, to submit. Oh, it was great; it was magnificent. They, these husky, muscle-bound Titans of raw force walked home . . . only think, thinking hard. . . . Oh, only for one wink from someone, would there be a puddle of red horse-blood mixed with the human kind.

But, no. We want to win the strike. We want to win the confidence of the public.

Tuesday afternoon the little babies of No. 1 were going to the school. They loitered for the school bell to summon. And here come Cossacks. They see the little innocents standing on the steps of the school house; their parents on the opposite side of the street. What splendid occasion to start the "Hunkeys'" ire, let us charge their babies. That will fetch them to an attack upon us.

They did. But the "Hunkey" even at the supreme test of his coolheadedness, refused to flash his knife to save his babies from the onrush of the cruel horses' hoofs.

I am relating to you, Mr. Foster, things as they happened. You may use my name in connection with your charges, against the Constabulary.

Sincerely yours,
(Signed) REV. A. KAZENCZ,

There had been previously no trouble in Braddock, nor had the Constabulary been asked for by the city authorities. I quote from the Minutes of the Braddock Borough Council of October 6:

Mr. Verosky (Member of Council): Mr. Chairman, the citizens of the borough wish to know by whose authority the State Constabulary were called into Braddock to take up their quarters here and to practically relieve the police of their duties, by patrolling the streets on foot, mounted, and always under arms.

Mr. Holtzman (President of Council): Surely, I do not know who called them into town, but were I the burgess, I would make it my business to find out, in view of the fact that the Constabulary is neither wanted, nor needed here.

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Mr. Verosky: Well, in that case, the burgess may throw some light on the subject.

Mr. Callahan (Burgess): The question comes to me as a surprise, and I am sure that I do not know by whose authority the Constabulary was called in.

Each day sees the suppression of free speech go relentlessly on. This is a case that should have been tried at the bar of public opinion, but the public has remained indifferent. Apparently the rights and liberties of citizens do not apply to the steel strikers.

The Administration Adrift

By LINCOLN COLCORD

Washington, November 12

IT would be hard to convince the Administration that it had done more in the past month to break up the organized trade-union movement and swing American labor to industrial unionism than years of I. W. W. agitation could have accomplished; yet this inevitably will be the real and ultimate result of the Government's recent labor policies. And those who have established these policies literally do not know what they have done. They have no knowledge of the factors with which they are dealing, no conception of the state of mind of American labor, and no accurate information as to the cases upon which they are passing judgment. That fatal characteristic of the Wilson Administration—the failure to face and deal with facts, the stubborn and autocratic insistence upon policies based on preconceived opinion—is now working its havoc with the domestic situation. It already has ruined our foreign policies, driven us into the most tragic error in the history of the country with respect to the Russian muddle, and helped materially to throw the whole world into a state of confusion and chaos. Now the same folly, the same bland stupidity, have set to work to disrupt the possibilities of an orderly solution of our domestic problems.

The Administration's handling of the miners' strike discloses perfectly this colossal ineptitude. From the beginning, the Government based its policy toward the miners on the assumption that a group of "radical leaders" were forcing the strike against the will of the rank and file. In the deluded imagination of the Government, these "radical leaders" were, of course, backed by the "foreign element" among the miners, by the riff-raff minority, the "Bolsheviks, anarchists, and I. W. W."; but the vast majority of the miners, "satisfied Americans" and "conservative organized laborers," were dragged into the strike by "sovieteers of the Lenin and Trotzky variety." Acting on this assumption, and in the state of partial insanity towards industrial affairs in general which leads men to think in the above-outlined set of terms, the Government felt entirely justified in attempting to smash the strike with a Federal injunction. It felt that it was acting in the interests of the "loyal" majority of the miners in so doing, and that this "loyal" majority would support the action, would thank the Government for delivering it from the incubus of "radical leadership," and would immediately go back to work pending a settlement of the strike.

The shocking lack of information betrayed by the Government's original assumption in this case shows clearly the dangers into which we are drifting in the present industrial crisis. Neither Mr. Palmer nor any other member of the Administration seems to have made the slightest effort to learn the actual situation behind the strike of the miners. The facts, of course, are that the rank and file of the miners are the radicals and that the leaders are the conservatives; that the demand for the strike came wholly from the rank and file and that the leaders did everything possible to check it; that the story of the Cleveland convention of the United Mine Workers in August, where over two thousand delegates directly from the field sat on the floor, was nothing but the story of how the hand of conservative leadership on the platform was forced by a unanimous radical pressure coming up from the rank and file; and that this story was written plainly in every press report of the convention and in every resolution which it passed, as well as in the mind of every observer who attended the convention. The Government could have obtained the facts from countless sources, and the facts probably were presented to the Government. But the double error of preconceived opinion lies in this: the facts, though presented by the volume and though proved by blood and tears, are never believed. They do not conform to the analysis which already has been determined upon. They cannot be true. The person who brings them must be irresponsible.

These facts of the miners' situation, however, utterly overturn the Government's basic assumption, and render both stupid and dangerous any policy based on this assumption. Instead of lopping off the heads of "radical leaders" and ridding the rank and file of an incubus, the injunction proceedings have destroyed the power of the only leaders among the miners who are disposed to talk conservatively. Instead of meeting with the support of a "loyal" majority among the miners who were being driven into a strike against their will, the action of the Administration during the past two weeks has served to convince the miners, 500,000 men at least, that their Government is a class Government and that it is against them as a class. Not that this is any new thought to them; but never before have they had such striking evidence of it. And not alone the miners, but all American labor is beginning to know the facts and to recognize the import of events and policies.

Until the present, social revolution and class warfare in America as a final climax to the world's economic disintegration have been unthinkable to many people. The pious hope of liberals, at any rate, has been that America, with her rich economic blessings and her native instincts for free action, would escape the catastrophe that seemed inevitable in lands of more rigid social form. But let not a deluded public opinion, self-satisfied in the temporary assertion of "authority," in the fancied triumph of "right," in the vain security of "law and order," breathe a sigh of relief and feel that anything has been solved or won. Labor has not been "put in its place"; but the desire to "put labor in its place" has been elevated to the position of "true Americanism." Public opinion has become Prussianized over night. Labor has been plunged bodily into the sea of radicalism, like a man thrown overboard in mid-ocean. The class division has been cut miles deep, and now runs like

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a jagged gorge through the heart of the country. Men are either blindly for or blindly against labor. Class consciousness has become acute on every hand. In the face of this situation, the economic pressure on the individual continues, the cost of living mounts, production lessens, unrest increases, and the burden of war debts sits like an Old Man of the Sea on the shoulders of capitalism; while governments furnish daily to the radicals better proof of their arguments than the imagination of Marx or Lenin could have anticipated.

The miners' strike has not been settled by the injunction proceedings, and it will not be settled by any arrangement entered into at Washington. The Government has forced a group of leaders into the conference room at the price of killing the power of these leaders to control the situation. Something, of course, can be accomplished by the sheer prestige of government action, and something more can be accomplished (for a little while) by the power of the military arm. The present strike may be broken. The miners temporarily may go back to work. But this will hardly solve the difficulty. The job is to get coal mined; the true settlement of the strike should be to send the men back to work in a spirit of satisfaction and productivity. Neither of these aims will be accomplished, because the basis already laid down precludes their accomplishment. The men will return to work in an ugly mood, thoroughly dissatisfied, convinced of the rottenness of the economic system in which they labor as wage earners, convinced that the Government is supporting this rotten system against them, convinced that there is no virtue in the present political machinery, convinced that they can have no justice until they win it through the mass economic action of their own class. In other words, the strike will be forced underground—if it is controlled at all. How long can it remain underground? Only a few weeks, at the longest. Only long enough for more radical leadership to assume control of the organization. In the meanwhile, how much coal will be dug by men so deeply sunk in the natural psychology of sabotage?

Behind the Government's inexcusable negligence and misjudgment of this situation lies a sinister background—a background of party politics struggling for position in the next elections, smeared with the drab tones of a Bourbonism that has forgotten nothing and learned nothing since mankind won its first rights and the head of the first autocrat rolled in the dust. The apparent stupidity of the Administration in this matter masks a deliberate play of forces that must be understood if the country is to retain intact its original heritage of liberty. Throughout the war the Bourbon Southern wing of the Democratic party has writhed under President Wilson's "liberalism," has frothed at the mouth at his association of the name and fortunes of the party with the interests of labor. To the leaders of this faction, the present crisis has seemed providential. The President's "liberalism" has failed; they do not understand how or why, but they realize that it has failed, and are thoroughly in sympathy with this result. Labor has seemed to be growing very cocky. Public opinion has seemed to be demanding an assertion of "authority." Suddenly the President himself fell sick and dropped out of the running; and, to cap it all, the Bourbon wing of the party, in this pass, found itself in control of the Government.

It was a heaven-sent opportunity to redeem the party from "liberalism"—no mere Bourbon Southern Democrat could dream how bravely Mr. Wilson himself had already fulfilled that office—and to erase from its escutcheon the stigma of "pandering to labor," of "encouraging radicalism." The elections were approaching. No party (in the estimation of these gentlemen) would stand a show at the polls in 1920 which carried with it any trace of a labor affiliation. The current was all setting the other way. Something must be done to get the Democratic party back on "safe and sane" ground. So, with the President out of commission, it has been Carter Glass, and Mr. Burleson, and Mr. Houston, all Bourbon Southerners, who have dominated the Administration and formulated its policies during this critical time. Mr. Lansing is not inclined to liberalism and Mr. Lane is no longer a force in Cabinet councils. Mr. Wilson, the Secretary of Labor, found himself in the same anomalous position as that occupied by Mr. Gompers, the extra-official labor secretary. And the Attorney General is a superficial and ambitious man, with liberal inclinations, who made a few vain attempts to hold the activities of his department within the bounds of sanity, got himself terribly blasted in the reactionary press for this "weak" attitude, then threw up the sponge in disgust and turned reactionary on his own account, like a beaten woman adopting prostitution as "the easiest way." Also, there was the Democratic nomination in 1920 dangling before his nose. In fact, the Bourbon wing of the party thinks now that it is going to run Mr. Palmer in 1920. I say "thinks" with meaning. For the Bourbons have no conception of the trouble they have started. The things they have made Mr. Palmer do in the past few weeks, things which look today like an assertion of strength, things which seem eminently "popular," may kill Mr. Palmer deader than a door nail before six months have passed and resound with the crack of a boomerang upon the devoted head of Bourbonism.

I am not saying that things would have been any better with President Wilson in the saddle. I am inclined to think they might have been worse. It is almost certain they would have been more confused, by the misplaced confidence which labor puts in Mr. Wilson. Both Mr. Wilson and Mr. Baker, the Secretary of War, have lost their moral balance in this matter of militarism, the assertion of "law and order," and the suppression of civil rights and liberties. They are less honest than the Bourbons. They are worshipping a hero-myth before the mirror—a most immoral practice. Mr. Baker has tossed the army into the fray with a magnificent gesture; President Wilson might have done no otherwise.

The point is that the country thinks the President has been responsible. But those who are familiar with Mr. Wilson's turn of mind and style of writing have recognized to their own satisfaction that he has not been writing the statements that recently have been given out to the press over his name. It is of course impossible to assert this flatly, for no one would stand sponsor for the statement; but one does not live in Washington in daily touch with affairs without sensing more or less how things stand. There seems to be little doubt that the President has been unable to realize what was going on. There seems to be little doubt that policies have been written over his name and established under his authority with which he had nothing to do beyond the mere listening and the nod of assent. There seems to be little doubt that the leaders of Bourbon Democracy have utilized the full power and prestige of the Presidency to work their own ends. From the point of view of political and constitutional government, it is a scandalous state of affairs. As a certain Senator said to me a few days ago: "If we are living under a regency, it would at least be a boon to know who the regent is."

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Kings and Stars

By JOHN ERSKINE

As they came from the East
Following a star,

One said:
The sun burns
And the moon changes,
But stars are faithful.

One said:
They shine in all tongues,
Everywhere.
By starlight there are no borders.

One said:
The world widens
By starlight,
And the mind reaches;
Stars beget journeys.

Literature

Blessed Are the Peace Makers

Peace Making at Paris. By Sisley Huddleston. London: T. Fisher Unwin, Ltd.

"THIS critical history of the Paris proceedings, which were filled with dramatic moments big with the fate of the world, will help the reader to understand the rival forces, the clashing conceptions of peace, and to review intelligently as a whole the most momentous Conference in the annals of mankind." Thus Mr. Huddleston concludes a short preface to a book remarkable for its succinct analysis of facts and circumstances which must, especially when viewed at close range, have seemed overwhelmingly complex. He has given us atmosphere, clever character portrayals, plots, and counter plots; illumined throughout with vivid flashes of penetrating wit.

Transporting us to a Paris jubilant over the signing of the armistice, fêting royalties, and giving itself up madly to pleasure without a thought of the speedy necessity of setting the world to rights, Mr. Huddleston puts us at once into the mise en scène and shows us the vast preparations for the technical work of the Conference, most of which was to be ultimately scrapped. He tells us that the complete absence of information in the early days was appalling. "In official circles, not only was there no knowledge of what was happening in Russia and in Poland, but Germany was also an unknown land. It must be said that the Americans were far and away the best informed. The reports of their agents which I was privileged to consult seemed clearer and more accurate than those of any other country." He complains bitterly of "the tameness of the spoon-fed French Press," and more especially of that of the Paris Right Wing, "which is wedded to the conception of strong frontiers, big armies, secret alliances"—and which waged a ceaseless campaign against President Wilson, of whom he says: "It was from the beginning clear that Wilson would, unless he were a man of iron, as well as of elevated ideals, be beaten by the professional diplomatists."

From the start all authority was exclusively in the hands of the Big Powers, "who became more and more the secret and the fumbling arbiters of the world." "The truth is, of course," says Mr. Huddleston, "that the Conference had no plan, that it proceeded from day to day without a chart, that its methods were constantly altering and its intentions in a state of flux." Soon "Four—or three—men were the masters of the world, disposing of all in sovereign manner." They worked moreover "in the fetid atmosphere of a closed room, with the doors and windows pasted up. There was plenty of peeping through the keyhole, but no criticism that, based on the facts, could really refresh the insulated dictators who had abandoned Mr. Wilson's idea of a people's peace."

Mr. Huddleston declares himself persuaded that Mr. Wilson was "genuinely and nobly anxious to help the nations to make a just peace which would be durable." M. Clemenceau, on the other hand, "was too good a hater not to wish to despoil Germany, to take a sweet revenge for 1871, careless of the consequences a generation hence"—and in the endless game of trying to outflank each other, to tire each other out, M. Clemenceau excelled. "The French Premier might close his eyes while the President talked: when he opened them again it would be to repeat what he had already said, whereas Mr. Wilson had accomplished what he felt to be his duty."

"Mr. Lloyd George," says Mr. Huddleston, "was the veritable master of the Conference. Sometimes he would be swayed by Clemenceau's arguments; only he would put them in a smoother, more acceptable manner. He could make the most materialistic consideration sound like a fine principle. Sometimes he would be swayed by Mr. Wilson's arguments; and then he would interpret them in the practical terms which M. Clemenceau loves. Thus, whichever way he turned he won. He made the French and the American autocrats dance to his piping. He was the super-autocrat." But behind these is another figure, that of Mr. Balfour. "He has kept in the background, and his name has barely been mentioned, but I think that in justice to him I should now say that it was chiefly upon his counsel that Mr. Lloyd George acted. The memoranda which he prepared were models of clearness. It should also be revealed that some of the most ingenious combinations by which two opposite ideals were reconciled came from his subtle brain. Whether the compromises which he invented were good or bad, whether they can possibly last, is another question. What is important to note is that without them the Conference must have come to nothing and have broken up without agreeing."

In the failure of Mr. Wilson's policy, Mr. Huddleston does not absolve this country from blame. "It was a smashing blow for the Wilsonian principles," he says, "when it was seen that America was divided upon them. The prestige of the President never recovered." A fact which emerges very clearly from between the lines of this book is that of the preoccupation of all the principal statesmen concerned with the jingo elements of the populations they represented, and their utter lack of confidence in the strength of those desirous of a better order.

The light thrown on the Russian situation bears out and in some ways amplifies Mr. Bullitt's reports, in which, we are told, "Mr. Lloyd George was more eager and more interested than Mr. Wilson. He had the bright young man to breakfast with him, and made him recite his story at length. There was grave doubt in his mind in respect of our policy. Why were we supporting a crowd of people on the outskirts of Russia? Why were the cinematograph operators taking pictures of Bolshevik atrocities with the good French people of Epinal or even Paris as actors?" These and many others were the questions asked. Considering subsequent events, it is strange to read that one reason for the long delay of the opening of the Conference was the inability of the French and British to agree as to whether Lenin should or should not be invited to make peace and send delegates, Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Balfour strongly favoring the former course.

Of the secret treaties Mr. Huddleston has this to say: "The first time the secret treaties were urged Mr. Wilson was mildly surprised: the second time he was annoyed; the third time he pronounced a vigorous discourse against them; the fourth time his colleagues took great pains not to shock him by abruptly referring to the ubiquitous secret treaty which barred the way

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to a sensible and just solution. Mr. Lloyd George was given the job of breaking the news to the President that such and such might be the proper answer to such and such a riddle, only unfortunately a secret treaty made it impossible to accept the answer. When I asked one of Mr. Wilson's friends why he had not insisted at the beginning upon the common abandonment of secret treaties, I was informed that Mr. Wilson took it for granted that secret treaties were abandoned. The agreement upon his Fourteen Points was incompatible with the maintenance of secret treaties, which had no justification except passing political expediency."

Many brilliant or pithy passages on men and matters invite quotation, as for instance that "we had actually Allied military instructors on the side of the Poles when they were fighting the Ukrainians, who were also coached by Allied officers!" But even if space permitted here, such passages should rather be read in their text to be appreciated. Besides lucidly surveying the many difficulties, geographical and economic, which confronted the Peace Makers, Mr. Huddleston shows the many big factors which swayed the course of the Conference, albeit in the background, as for instance the power of Mohammedanism, articulate in the Ottoman League, and its influence on Turkish and Arabian policy.

Mr. Huddleston holds the Big Four solely to blame for the mistakes of the Conference. "They and they alone," he says, "are responsible for the peace which was prepared," because "they overruled advice" and "no one could control them." But surely he here overlooks the responsibilities of a professedly democratic world? He feels that "if the statesmen had appealed to the nobler instincts in their people, the people would have responded." But he has also to admit that parliaments were singularly subservient. In a democratic order, though statesmen should be elected to express the will of the people, if the people do not see to it that their wishes are carried out, they too must be prepared to share the blame, as they will inevitably share the consequences.

The British Labor Party

British Labor and the War. By Paul U. Kellogg and Arthur Gleason. Boni and Liveright.

The Labor Year Book. Edited by G. D. H. Cole and J. S. Middleton. London: Coöperative Printing Society.

WHEN the British Labor party was formed, its sound went forth into all the earth. Few movements of modern times have received so startling a welcome. Men of liberal mind everywhere accepted it as a sort of messianic promise in the midst of gross darkness. The old political syntheses were palpably bankrupt; the traditional parties were ploughing ancient sand; the heavens were as brass. And then Mr. Lloyd George made Arthur Henderson stand on the anteroom mat while his betters within were discussing his bad behavior. In a few days a cloud the size of a man's hand crept over the skyline, and before we quite knew what was happening it had grown into a political party with a membership of two and a half million. Then came the famous memorandum on "Labor and the Social Order," which made it perfectly clear that a new thing had been born into the political world. We were at last out of the wood and on the open road. These people had hewed a way out of the political impasse, and had done it with a swiftness which led the sanguine to think that the walls of the bourgeois-capitalist Jericho were already tumbling down. At least we were (as Israel Zangwill might have said) trembling on the verge of an apocalypse.

So far we follow an impressionist reminiscence. The detailed history that lies behind it has now been carefully and scrupulously recorded by Messrs. Kellogg and Gleason. From the beginning Mr. Kellogg has done a priceless service in interpreting the British Labor party to the American people. Now in collaboration with Mr. Gleason he has given the American public a really authoritative account of the incidents and influences which led to the crystallization of the various elements of organized labor in Great Britain into a single political party, and which determined the course of its early stages. When future historians come to write the story of the rise of the new social and political order in Great Britain they will need to have this book at their elbows, for they will find in it all the relevant and necessary materials gathered together conveniently and systematically—personalities, documents, speeches, conferences, congresses, and the political and industrial factors that entered into the case. The importance of the book is that it describes quietly and without undue bias the many-colored travail in which was born one of the most significant political phenomena of the modern world. It is not without its significance that the first and best chronicle of the birth and infancy of a British political party should have been written by two Americans; and it is also worth recording that the memorandum on "Labor and the Social Order" appears to have made a deeper and wider impression in this country than it did in England itself.

The reader who wishes to be up-to-date will follow up Messrs. Kellogg and Gleason's book with an attentive perusal of "The Labor Year Book." The competency of the Year Book is guaranteed by the names of its editors, and it contains a great amount of material of first-class importance for the politician, the labor leader, the economist, and the journalist in other countries than its own. For instance, Mr. H. G. Wells discourses on the essentials of an enduring peace; Mr. Ramsay Macdonald on India; Mr. Sidney Webb on finance. There are also valuable discussions of the British Constitution during the war, of the state in industry, of after-war problems of education, beside the statistical, personal, and directory information for which one naturally turns to a Year Book. Yet this compilation is chiefly significant in that it shows how much patient thought and research is being devoted to the wide range of problems which the Labor party will presently have to meet and the breadth of the statesmanship with which it is tackling its job. Both the books before us make it clear that the British Labor party, whatever its defects may be, is at least not to be taxed with that national and class particularism which is too often characteristic of organized labor movements. On the contrary it may justly claim that it possesses a broad and generous international outlook.

At the same time, it is at least questionable whether a realistic judgment of the British Labor party at the present time would sustain our early optimism about it. Its more recent record has been somewhat disappointing. For this it is not altogether to blame. The small contingent of labor members whom the chances of the general election sent to Parliament was neither representative nor conspicuously competent. It was moreover lacking in parliamentary experience. Consequently a great many opportunities of political well-doing were missed, especially in the discussion of the peace treaty. The treaty has been the subject of much misgiving in England; and the League of Nations plan has not evoked much enthusiasm. Had the Labor group in Parliament possessed the necessary gifts of courage and statesmanship they would have translated this diffused questioning into a criticism which might have secured considerable modifications in the settlement. Now that Mr. Henderson has returned to the House of Commons we may look forward with some confidence to more effectual parliamentary action.

But the real weakness and danger of the party does not lie here. It is to be sought rather in the somewhat heterogeneous character of its constitution. Its component elements are not yet thoroughly fused. There is not the same fear of the intellectuals in the heart of organized labor in Britain as there is in the American Federation of Labor; yet it may be doubted whether these two elements in the party yet quite understood each other. The intellectuals are working on that doctrine of social creation which found so convincing an interpretation in "Labor and the Social Order," while the trade union leaders

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are still largely moving within the circle of ideas which grew out of the earlier tactics of the trade union movement in its operations of defense and offense against the employing classes. The former think in terms of a new social order; the latter in terms of the working class. Both emphases are necessary; and it will be a thousand pities if the life of the party is weakened by a failure to make due room for both viewpoints. There can be little doubt that the task of sane and wholesome social reconstruction will be seriously retarded if the ideology of the class war, in however diluted a form, is permitted to govern policy; at the same time it is idle to suppose that we can achieve anything like social equilibrium until the question of the status of the producing classes has been settled once for all.

A great deal of the new hope which the British Labor party quickened in liberal minds was due to the circumstance that its programme envisaged at once the immediate problem of the workers' status and the ultimate task of creating a new social order. The course of events in Russia, after the first flush of exultation about the new Russian freedom, had raised many troublesome questions. Was there no way out of the blind alley but the way of the battering ram? Were we condemned to summary methods of violence, dictatorship, repression, as the unavoidable first step into economic equity? Were the traditional constitutional processes insolvent? And the British Labor party came and restored our faith in the possibility of advance by political method. Of course, this controversy is not yet settled. Some still say "I am of Lenin," and others "I am of Henderson"; but there can be no doubt that the essential genius of the English-speaking peoples inclines them to those expedients of persuasion and popular consent which belong to the idea of democratic government. And the British Labor party has brought a great reinforcement to our faith in the parliamentary method.

Of its permanence and growth as a factor in British life there can be no doubt. It has subsumed in its program the old Liberal tradition and added to it a new vision consistent with the new need of mankind. It is as yet in the day of small things; and if it has not done all that our early fancy saw it doing, it has to be remembered that it has yet to find its feet. It has a long stage of discipline, of experiment, of failure, of success to go through before its strength can be known and its inherent possibilities really gauged. But that it will make good is as sure as tomorrow's dawn.

The Youth of England

Jeremy. By Hugh Walpole. George H. Doran Company.
Pink Roses. George H. Doran Company.

TO write a serious, full-length novel concerning a single year in the life of a child might easily have taken on the appearance of a *tour de force.* That appearance Mr. Hugh Walpole has escaped. And he has done so by not attempting the impossible task of restricting the vision of his book entirely to that of the eight-year-old Jeremy. For the grown man, however strong and exact his memories of his own childhood may be, cannot avoid the involuntary correction and interpretation of those memories by later experience and thinking. Thus Jeremy's world is the child's world which he, in his manhood, creatively recalled. Its degree of reality is much higher, its resemblance to other remembered childhoods much greater than could have been produced by any striving after an unattainable isolation. Our childhood in itself is irrecoverably lost. All that we possess of it is its reflection in the mirror of our present selves. To try to eliminate the man whom the child fathered is to fall into an inevitable artifice.

Mr. Walpole has accepted this situation frankly and written a beautiful and moving book. In the descriptions of the early magical Christmases of Jeremy, of his visit to the pantomime, of his escape to the fair, there is not only the incomparable keenness and wholeness of a child's delight, but also the man's recognition of that blunting of the edge of all delight which the years bring with them. The most wonderful thing about childhood and the one which Mr. Walpole has most fully rendered is not a quite unreal freedom from pain and sorrow, but the child's marvellous capacity for utter absorption in experience and the equally marvellous "thickness" of his world before it is attenuated by thought or estranged by conscious opposition. To childhood things possess their primitive and concentrated qualities. The savor of food is no less gorgeous than the colors of dreams; home is in truth a shelter from the homeless winds; all roads run to an undiscovered country. Such, at least, is the experience of the sensitive and imaginative child. And Jeremy, despite Mr. Walpole's occasional emphasis on his homespun character, was such a child. It is doubtful whether a quite ordinary little boy would have been haunted by such a picture as Jeremy's vision of the road by the shore where he would meet the captain, and of the black ship with its one light upon the heaving sea, or would have drawn from an old country-wife's recital his feeling for the sad splendor of the legend of the Scarlet Admiral.

It goes without saying that Jeremy concealed these dreams and imaginings very shyly and thus, like most children of his kind, lived a twofold life. In the description of his outer life Mr. Walpole achieves a more ordinary but not a less distinguished excellence. The scene and the people, the old cathedral town within sound of the sea and the Cole family, are admirably vivid. The best portraits are, perhaps, those of Jeremy's sister Mary and of the governess, Miss Jones. The relations of the children to Miss Jones, furthermore, are described with extraordinary penetration and truth. An obscure but important bit of child psychology is here made plain. Mr. Walpole's method is always that of the creative artist. But he could, one suspects, add to our knowledge of that troublesome thing called educational psychology if he were to tell us of Jeremy's experiences in the school to which he so bravely sets out at the end of the present record.

Jeremy was born in 1884. His was a generation destined to great and bitter things, the generation of young men who were, as Mr. Gilbert Cannan phrases it, to be "tortured into truth." It is the intellectual experience of this generation which Mr. Cannan has embodied in the hero of "Pink Roses," Trevor Matthew, and has broadened by adding the cognate inner experience of Ruth and Leslie Hobday. Through his analysis of these three people he has given us what is, perhaps, the best insight now attainable into the mind of the youth of England that was stung into thought by the War.

Trevor's first perception in connection with the War was a comparatively simple one. It was the perception of the "Gadarene unanimity" induced by it in the older generation. In these circumstances he, like many of his generation, suffered, quite naturally, from a terrible repression of all the volitional impulses. It was no wonder, then, that, catching sight of the pink roses on Cora's corsage, Trevor knew instinctively that here and here only was forgetfulness and cure and ultimate hope. The girl was completely pagan and elemental. She, at least, was untroubled by the war. And there is healing in forgetfulness, if only one can forget. Under the shadow of the war, as under the shadow of man's more accustomed fate, it was still possible to gather roses. But Trevor knew this to be quite literally a period of spiritual convalescence, and the day came when he met minds that answered to his own—especially the mind and character and personality of Ruth Hobday. The old order of the world was now reversed. It was youth that knew—youth that did not "even think or talk revolution because the revolution had happened in its soul." The great events in Russia came to these young people as powerful confirmations of all toward which they had been quietly ripening within. They said that they would never "accept life ready made any more"; they felt assured that "people win their freedom by acknowledging it in each other." They were ready to ask the crucial question: "What will the English do in a world that must know or perish?" They were not cloudy visionaries and

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they were not in any futile sense denationalized. But they were ready to take up another tradition and to appeal from the England of cant and greed and empire to the intellectually virile England of Shakespeare and Fielding and Swift.

Mr. Cannan is not so good an artist as Mr. Walpole; he is, however, a thinker and a psychologist. His book is more important as a document than as a novel. He was capable of a higher degree of concreteness in his execution in the days of his "Mendel" and "Old Mole" than he seems to be today. He has a certain angularity of structure. The lines neither flow nor aspire. His style is a little dry, its inner modulation a little slow and wooden. "Pink Roses" is full of people and they are, for the most part, quite vivid people. But they never produce an illusion of entire completeness and seem to live in a somewhat exhausted atmosphere. There is an appearance which may not, of course, answer to any fact at all, as though Mr. Cannan's creative energy were reluctant and over-driven and yet trying to seem both rich and at ease. There are wanting, furthermore, certain subtler inner coherences. The place of Cora in Trevor's life is central and essential. But the artistic purpose of the Ysnaga-Angel group—of this precise group—is vague, and the vagueness is not helped by many words. But since an apparently smooth and rounded novelistic product is plentiful enough and intellectually distinguished work as rare as it is precious, these imperfections trouble one only as one enters more and more deeply into Mr. Cannan's account of "the long awaited new life that has begun to blossom in the souls of men." We do not begin to find fault with him until he is sure of our leniency.

Books in Brief

THE study of Russian educational history just published by Mr. Daniel B. Leary of the University of Buffalo seems to have in mind special students of education who have no knowledge whatsoever about Russia. Perhaps such people exist. The title, "Education and Autocracy in Russia," suggests the correct point of view for an approach to the subject, and the writer's understanding of it is intelligent and is assisted by the use of Russian sources. The story of education in Russia from the time of Peter the Great to Nicholas II is that of an uninterrupted effort to keep blinders on the people, to harness the mental energies of a limited number in the service of the bureaucracy, and to dam up the rest with every instrument of legislative and administrative tyranny. Time and time again broad educational programmes are enacted only to be hastily revoked or neutralized in alarm at the peril to orthodoxy, nationalism, and autocracy. But even a little opening may afford an outlet for a large stream, and in spite of all the zeal of repression, education was diffused through Russia much more generally than is supposed. Although one of the tables in the appendix shows an illiteracy in European Russia in 1912 of 70 per cent. among persons over nine years old, the presence in the same year of nearly seven million pupils, out of a population of 174,000,000, in the elementary schools, which are really primary schools with a four year course, is indicative of improvement. It has been estimated that illiteracy among adults is now not higher than fifty per cent. The facts illustrating the development thus outlined are accessible in Mr. Leary's monograph, but their presentation is awkward. To give practically half of each chapter to a sketch of political and economic history and then to tack on a description of educational policy in the corresponding period is not good expository art and suggests some divided purpose. Apparently Mr. Leary could not resist the temptation of popularizing which the theme offered, and in his treatment he therefore falls between two stools. His concluding chapter contains extracts from the manifestos of the Bolsheviki announcing their theories of education, but in the absence of concrete evidence concerning their performance he wisely refrains from forming any conclusion.

Drama

Somehow Good

IN sentimental comedy the purpose of clouds is to have a silver lining. The silver lining is carefully "planted" from the start and in the last act irradiates the visible horizon. It is a perfectly open secret; the playwright would fare ill who refused to play the game. The public will endure physical but not moral suspense. It likes to be puzzled to know how the crooked will be set straight. Indeed the crooked must not be crooked in its real being at all. The clouds must be delusions. Straightness and radiance must be seen as the normal order of the world. And this normal order must be reëstablished and rendered clear by a half-humorous, half-sentimental character of native birth. This is the hero of sentimental comedy—a rough customer, preferably, but with a heart of gold, clean, wholesome, manly, chivalrous, the sworn foe of libertines, foreigners, revolutionaries, grafters, scientists, idlers.

The gentle art, as it is formulated here, is practiced by every successful American playwright. To disdain it in any particular is to invite disaster. Such disaster overtook Mr. Stuart Walker's magical if unequal little play "Jonathan Makes a Wish" last season; it overtook Mr. Thomas Broadhurst's promising bit of social observation "Our Pleasant Sins." Its shadow will never fall upon the dean of American playwrights, Mr. Augustus Thomas. His grasp of the formula is complete, his adherence to it the evident result of a profound conviction. His execution has adroitness, picturesqueness, mellowness. He has an almost caressing touch. But his method is the accepted and prosperous one. In "Palmy Days" (The Playhouse) he has drawn upon Bret Harte for his period, his scene, and his atmosphere. Thus these are all seen at two removes from life. Mr. Rollo Peters has designed and built a spotless bar-room of the "rough" type; the men wear long beards that fall in virile fashion over their generous bosoms; Miss Genevieve Tobin wears a touching little ballet costume of the period; the villain has a top hat, riding boots, and other fashionable appurtenances that nicely denote his moral turpitude. The hero, superbly played by Mr. Wilton Lackaye, is Kaintuck—rude miner man, romantic soul, and scion of Kentucky's bluest blood. He rescues the frail little ballerina from the villain; he discovers her to be his daughter: for is she not the image of his mother, whose youthful picture reposes between the rough shirt and the noble heart? He unites her to his young "pardner," who is also a Kentucky gentleman. The relentless moral optimism of the formula is carried by Mr. Thomas into every detail. Nothing has escaped him. Kaintuck's erring wife turns out not to have been erring at all. Big Lill, it is shyly admitted, must have been a bit irregular in her day. But that is all over. She clings to that bad man, her husband, in whom one redeeming trait is also foreshadowed, and seeks to save the young Kentuckian from her own charms. Kaintuck glows over them all, quotes the "immortal bard," counsels, saves, "stakes," blesses. The bearded miners abet and applaud and dry the surreptitious tear of manly sympathy.

Within the formula there are, of course, variations of emphasis and of structural method. In Mr. George V. Hobart's "Buddies" (The Selwyn Theatre), for instance, the real hero plays only a minor part. But it cannot escape the observer that it is again the rough-and-ready Hank, former New York detective, who discovers that Julie's brother was wrongfully accused of theft, that the Alsatian is indeed a deep-dyed villain, and who therefore gives Julie her chance to coax her shy lover into a proposal of marriage. It is far more rare to see the formula not indeed redeemed but deepened by a more than perfunctory treatment of the central character. In "His Honor, Abe Potash" (The Bijou Theatre) Messrs. Montague Glass and Jules Eckert Goodman use the conventional mechanism in all

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its crassness. The simple-hearted Abe confounds the subtle and the wicked. Though he is constrained, at one point, to condemn his own son to prison, he succeeds in clearing the boy's character, defeating his adversaries and uniting his daughter to her chosen swain. But Abe differs from Kaintuck and Hank. They are romantic fictions; he is a realistic one. No Jew ever united so many typical Jewish characteristics in his single person; none ever possessed these in such a degree nor lacked others so wholly. Nor was any human being ever so entirely of a piece. But the characteristics are all authentic in themselves. Abe is a caricature, but he is a caricature of something that exists in nature. He is not a mere sentimental invention. The curious thing is that he is placed in a typical sentimental comedy action and is made acceptable to the public by exercising the normal functions of a sentimental comedy hero. From the discerning, on the other hand, this aspect of his character may be concealed by the extraordinarily brilliant acting of Mr. Barney Bernard and Miss Mathilde Cotrelly. Mr. Bernard's portrayal of Abe has now attained a very rare union of richness and exactness. Every detail has the tang of reality; the scrupulous precision that speaks of endless observation and labor has been ripened and mellowed into an appearance of faultless spontaneity.

With "Five O'Clock" (The Fulton Theatre) by Frank Bacon and Freeman Tilden we return to the quite unadorned use of our formula. Wealthy and frivolous people, more thoughtless than wicked, have left their younger brother to languish for years in a private sanatorium for nervous disorders. And why could they do so? Because they were advised and aided by American physicians who had listened to the lure of evil scientific teachings in a wicked city named Vienna. But a sturdy, one hundred per cent. American country doctor sweeps aside the inhuman deductions of an alien science. His homely heart recognizes the sanity and beauty of the unfortunate Orville's mind and character. So Orville is released and opens a home for children and marries the daughter of his former wicked jailer, and even his sister's worldly soul is melted by a forlorn child under his care. And in the end the good Dr. Marsh is discovered in a spring landscape full of paper flowers romping with innumerable little ones.

Finally, for the present, there is "Adam and Eva" (The Longacre Theatre) by Messrs. Guy Bolton and George Middleton. It tells of a certain rich man whose daughters and son-in-law and sister-in-law and cousin had all become unconscionable parasites because of his great wealth. The rich man goes on a long journey and leaves in his stead his business manager, Adam Smith, a humble, hard-working young man who (unfailing sign of high virtue) has never owned an evening coat. Adam Smith tells the family that the rich man is ruined. And ah, how the hidden goodness and courage emerge at the call of need and duty! When the rich man returns he finds poultry farmers and drummers and insurance agents, and Adam Smith is rewarded with the hand of the fair Eva. They are all rich again. Indeed they have never been impoverished. For that would have filled the audience with sympathetic fears, and pocket-books are things too sacred to be lightly dealt with on the stage. No, the simple heart and the toil-worn hand effect a moral regeneration in others and cause wealth and worthiness to lie down together.

Is there anything that unites these heroes of sentimental comedy—Kaintuck, Hank, Abe Potash, Dr. Marsh, Adam Smith? Perhaps it is their common conviction that virtue is a definite and simple thing, that it is not to be found among the wise and learned, that it need but be discerned to transform life, and—that it pays. A curious blending of the spirit of the Gospel with that of the Enlightenment, of ancient sayings concerning the wisdom of the foolish with those verses in which Edward Young declared that

All vice is dull,
A knave's a fool,
And Virtue is the child of Sense.

L. L.

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Art

Put to the Test

THE first exhibition of the Painters, Sculptors and Gravers, now it has opened at Gimpel and Wildensteins, proves no disappointment. It fulfils the promises made for it and is everything the National Academy's exhibitions should be and are not. The three galleries are pleasantly and unobtrusively decorated, the walls are well hung, there is work in many mediums.

The Society, in a little introduction to the catalogue, declares itself to be neither radical nor conservative. But the old-fashioned Academician probably regrets the radicalism that devotes one out of only three galleries to black-and-white and water-color. Timothy Cole's wood-engravings hang in one centre, opposite to Joseph Pennell's etchings, for which, though both these men are Academicians, no place can be found in the Academy's show. With these prints are drawings, sometimes no more than notes and memoranda, by Albert Sterner, Rockwell Kent, Jerome Myers, Stirling Calder, who would have submitted them in vain to an Academic jury, though often it is in an artist's notes and memoranda that he is most suggestive and expressive. And the black-and-white loses nothing, it gains rather, from the water-colors hung here and there on the same walls, even from landscapes as brilliant and vivid as Dodge MacKnight's—passages of color so well balanced as to make the whole black-and-white arrangement "sing." The heresy in hanging goes still further, and the third centre in the same gallery is given to John Flanagan's series of medals and plaquettes, none more striking than the portraits of four well-known artists hung in a row. The orthodox may be offended, but beauty is, or should be, the object of an exhibition of works of art, not their classification according to mediums. It is as unorthodox to find in another room Childe Hassam's one painting surrounded by examples of his water-colors, pastels, etchings, and lithographs. But what an opportunity it offers for the study of the artist in his different moods and needs, in the greater freedom he gains from one medium and the stricter limitations imposed upon him by another, in his grasp of color, and his command of line! The result of the study is the conviction that line appeals to him less than color, though his experiments may have absorbed him in it at the time. Certainly his etching of "The Flag" seems labored and his lithograph of "The Avenue of the Allies" empty as they hang on either side of his painting of "Summer Morning, Gloucester, 1919," so radiant and glowing in its impression of sunlight and of the little white town under the blue sky with its big rolling white clouds. But hung alone the painting might have been less stimulating to the student or to his most ardent admirer.

Unfortunately, the space for sculpture is as meagre as in the Fifty-ninth Street galleries. It is incredible that, despite all our talk of art and boasts of progress and achievement, National Academicians should still be without a gallery for the proper exhibition of sculpture. The new society could not improvise one overnight. It may manage to let Paul Bartlett show his impressive little "Nordquest," but what of his great designs for public places and buildings? And what chance for Manship, Mahonri Young, Stirling Calder, Gaston Lachaise, and the others except to distribute their small bronzes and marbles through the rooms so as to form part of the whole decorative scheme. It is true that Mahonri Young's laborer, or Paul Manship's "Flight of Night," or Gaston Lachaise's severe, dignified heads, one with its strange glint of gold on lips and eyeballs, would scarcely be seen in a large sculpture gallery. But Paris knows how to provide the appropriate setting for small work as well as for the huge groups and figures which the American sculptor can exhibit with the French in the Grand Palais, but not with his fellow Academicians in New York.

For the painters, the only innovation has been in the manner of hanging them, which is admirable. If they have been deprived of their usual monopoly, to make up for it they are shown with every distinction. On overcrowded walls, where they would jostle and quarrel with each other, there might be far less pleasure in looking at Walter Griffin's "Old Strandwater Bridge," as inspiring a motive to him for one of his green Harmonies as Venice; at Ernest Lawson's "Spanish Landscape," in which he has seen the austere lines and grave sunlight of Spain, but hardly felt its tragedy with the intensity of Zuloaga; at Leon Kroll's "Picnic," where the figures pose in a self-conscious excuse for the amusing formality of their background; landscapes by Schofield, Prendergast, Hayley, Lever (whose skyscrapers of "Lower New York" seem in danger of falling out of the frame for lack of atmosphere to keep them in); at Alden Weir's "Nocturne," carefully studied, but the lights refusing to lose themselves in the night with the subtlety of Whistler's. The portraits, too, succeed in holding and arresting attention; George Luks's "Mielatz," with character, though the face is a mere suggestion peering out from a vague surface of brown paint; Bellows's "My Mother," though almost brutal in its photographic fidelity; Glackens's "Study," though he has done stronger work; Henri's figures, though they seem superfluous details in his color schemes. But in a word, the difference made by intelligent hanging is that all pictures, bad and good, when given dignity on the wall, assert themselves and demand to be looked at and talked about. In the Academic hodge-podge the good have to be diligently sought for.

N. N.

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The Nation

International Relations Section

Contents

THE BESSARABIAN MUDDLE AND ITS IMPLICATIONS. By M. M. Knight..... 643

FOREIGN PRESS: Tibet and British Imperial Policy—A Speech by Signor Giolitti—The Rumanians in Bessarabia 645

NOTES 647

The Bessarabian Muddle and Its Implications

By M. M. KNIGHT

"RACIAL self-determination" would require much definition before it could be applied to Bessarabia. Historically, Bessarabia was a part of Moldavia (the northern principality of present-day Rumania) until Russia took it from Turkey in 1812. The southern part was handed back to Moldavia in 1856 by the Congress of Paris. Russia took it again in 1878, as a curious reward to Rumania for rescuing her from disaster in the Russo-Turkish war. According to Captain John Kaba,* the present population is close to 3,000,000, divided racially about as follows: two-thirds Moldoveni, i.e., Rumanians; one-tenth Jews, largely late comers, due to persecutions in Russia proper; 225,000 Ukrainians, largely in Hotin district, colonized by the Russian Government; 45,000 Velico-Russians, mostly political refugees; 20,000 Poles, *émigrés* of 1855-7; 10,000 Greeks; 70,000 Germans, around Akkermann, in the southeast; 60,000 Bulgarians, also in the south, mostly gardeners—came in from 1769-1878; smaller numbers of Tartars, Turco-Bulgars, French, Cossacks, Armenians, etc. It may be worthy of note that the figures furnished the writer by the Rumanian Government give nearly twice as many Russians (85,000) as does Captain Kaba, and add 73,000 "Russianized Rumanians." They also mention 65,000 Gypsies, or a number about equal to the number of Bulgarians or Germans. The various races usually live in villages or colonies, and are quite unassimilated.

As will be seen by glancing at any of the reputable race-maps, the medley of races indicated by the figures applies chiefly to the southern part of the territory, in the path of centuries of invasions. The northern part is almost solidly Rumanian, except for the cities and the Ukrainian colony about Hotin. But it is precisely this northern portion which has been continuously in Russia for more than a century. Southern Bessarabia, returned to Rumania from 1856 to 1878, had and has a very large population of alien races.

Russia kept Bessarabia so hermetically sealed against all propaganda that many Rumanians are entirely unaware that they are such. Often last spring when we asked peasants in the Rumanian language, "Are you Rumanian?" they responded in perfect Rumanian, "No—Moldavian." But Rumania itself is made up of Moldavians and Wallachians, a purely historical and political distinction, since they speak the same language, and are identical as to social organization and the other things which distinguish races.

Some of the Rumanians (Moldavians) of Bessarabia have adopted the Russian language, and their community life has in some cases undergone modification. A peculiar complication I have never seen mentioned in print is the readoption of the Latin alphabet in Rumania a little over half a century ago. It will be remembered that Bulgaria temporarily absorbed the Rumanian lands in the ninth century and imposed religious services in the Slovene language. Rumanian was printed for so long in Slavic characters that it was often mistaken for a Slavic tongue, though when spoken it so resembles Italian that people of the latter nationality not only understand it fairly well, but also frequently mistake it for a dialect of their own language. While the spoken Rumanian of political Rumania (of before the war) and of Bessarabia are identical, the Bessarabians read their language, when they read it at all, in a different alphabet.

The practical Russianization of three million people, among whom were less than a hundred thousand Russians, was much simpler than it appears at a glance. All legal papers and official acts of every sort were naturally in Russian. All public education, including the teaching in medical, law, and normal schools, was in the same tongue. Among the comparatively unlettered peasantry, the bulk of the population, Rumanian was still spoken, and is today. But all officials were Russian, officially and in language at least. If a Rumanian went to a law school, he learned to plead in Russian; if to a medical or normal school, his education was in Russian—and so on. In other words, to arrive at any position of eminence in the state meant to be Russianized. Much of the business in the cities and larger towns was in the hands of Jews, who speak a sort of Yiddish which is almost pure German, but most of whom also know Russian. The Moldavians knew that they were Moldavians, but they had been carefully insulated for a half century or a century from any idea that the word had a political or nationalistic significance. Hence the bulk of the people, the peasants, had next to no political ideas and no articulate public opinion. There was no "irredentist" feeling or desire for union with the other Rumanians, worth mentioning, until recently.

Bessarabia was tranquil during the Kerensky revolution and the beginning of the Russian dissolution. The country was prosperous and on the whole well fed. Even in the

* *Politico-Economic Review of Basarabia.* By Capt. John Kaba, U. S. Army. Evidently from Russian sources, but modified to agree with personal observations on the ground. Colonel Antonescu's estimate (*Romanii—Origina, Trecutul, Sacrificiile si Drepturile Lor,* Bucharest, 1919, p. 48) is more conservative, placing the total population at only 1,628,000. His figures are certainly much too low.

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spring of 1919, there was little evidence of the ravages of war. Stock existed in incredible numbers, in sharp contrast to adjacent Rumania and the Balkans, though the pinch for grain products was growing more apparent.

When the Soviet Congress in Petrograd began to talk of local self-government for the various nationalities, there was a committee of forty-two laborers and politicians from Bessarabia in the city. They immediately claimed autonomy for the Moldavians. Whom they represented besides themselves is still somewhat mysterious. There is comparatively little manufacture in Bessarabia—few town laborers to represent. The bulk of the Moldavian population knew nothing of the formation of the "Moldavian Republic" and cared nothing about it. The functionaries, still loyal to Kerensky, were in complete charge in Bessarabia, and things were going on as normally as could be expected with the central Russian Government paralyzed. The Lenin party did not inquire into the credentials of the "Moldavian" adventurers, but told them off-hand to go ahead and organize.

The committee from Bessarabia was in a quandary—it had no funds and next to no followers; but with either it could get the other. After a few days, newspaper articles began to appear in Petrograd about the "Russian *Vendée*," etc., describing peasant uprisings in Bessarabia in favor of the restoration of the Czardom. These stories had no foundation in fact, but were hatched in Petrograd for a specific purpose. The committee, which had made them, brought them to Lenin's attention, demanding funds on the grounds that the Moldavian peasants did not appreciate the blessings of the revolution, and needed propaganda. They descended in Kishinev, the Bessarabian capital, unknown and unnoticed, but with the funds. They set the peasants talking in this strain: "We own the land, let us go and take it." Disorders began, and grew worse with the weakening of the central authority.

The time was ripe for a *coup d'état;* but the committee must create some semblance of representing somebody. So they called in a picked group of "representatives" of the soldiers, Jews, Bulgarians, etc., and named themselves, thus enlarged, the "Provisional Government," till an election could be held, as they said. This election is still in the future (September, 1919). They collected some 500 men, whom they dubbed the "First Regiment of Bessarabian Infantry," and another 500 "Bessarabian Hussars." They began to requisition, and people began to ask who they were. This group of adventurers had to have outside support. They tried Petrograd, in the name of the Revolution. Getting no satisfactory response, they next appealed to the Ukraine against the excesses of the Revolution; but the Ukraine had troubles of its own. As a final move, Rumania was appealed to.

At this time (January, 1918) the Rumanians had been forced to join in the Russo-German armistice. They had refused to discuss peace with the Central Powers, and with the French military mission and other Allied advisers were searching frantically in disordered Russia for *points d'appui,* so that they could continue the war. This Bessarabian opportunity descended on their parched spirits like the gentle rain from heaven. The Allies still cherished the delusion that the Ukraine might be induced to continue the war. This territory, united with Moldavia by Bessarabia, would still leave them a powerful hold on Southern Russia and the Black Sea. Rumania occupied Bessarabia, with the connivance of the Allies. Germany, equally sure of the Ukraine, winked at this military move during the armistice. The Lenin Government placated its peasants with promises of peace and the land. The bourgeois Government of the Ukraine was determined not to give its peasants the land, hence its only remaining card was peace. Germany offered recognition and peace, the Allies recognition and war. For the Ukraine Government to choose war would be suicide, so the treaty with Germany was signed. Rumania, left stranded, had to sign the Treaty of Bucharest with Germany in May, 1918. Meanwhile, the "provisional Government" of Bessarabia had voted annexation to Rumania, with autonomy. This anomalous and extra-legal body waived the autonomy in November, and Bessarabia became an integral part of Rumania. In a word, Rumania recovered her "lost province" as France recovered Alsace-Lorraine, without really consulting the people most concerned. The Rumanians, however, having less powerful backing, had to go through some of the forms and apologize for the rest. A powerful defense existed in the fact that the majority of the people spoke Rumanian in 1918, called themselves Moldavians and had no organized, enlightened, articulate public opinion to consult.

Unfortunately, this does not necessarily point to a solution. After talking with many of the official, property-holding, or educated minority who represent about all the public opinion there is in Bessarabia, the writer was forced to the conviction that they were largely anti-Rumanian. Most of them were Russian, Jewish, Ukrainian, German, Bulgarian, Greek or "Russianized Rumanian." The Jews, who have so long looked westward for emancipation and equal rights, are now facing in the other direction. The Ukrainians are incensed over the extremely severe treatment of some of their villages for receiving the Leninist armies with open arms last winter. The Germans of both Bessarabia and Transylvania merely wish a government which protects their communities and fosters honest industry and trade. They do not appear to care who runs it. The present bad economic conditions are coincident with the Rumanian occupation, though by no means entirely due to it. The attitude of the Bulgarians and Greeks is pretty much the same as that of the Germans. What is more serious for the Rumanian Government is the ease with which many of their own Moldavian peasants have been made to attribute their woes to the new Government. Obviously, the chief cause of the present critical economic situation in the whole Near East is the paralysis of Central Europe, which in normal times furnishes the bulk of the manufactured goods, and the general instability of governments and inactivity of trade—in creating which the Rumanian Government was and is only a minor factor.

It is obviously futile to attempt an honest plébiscite in a territory where the bulk of the population is at present entirely unversed in politics. If Rumania did this, the result would be in her favor. If an anti-Rumanian group did it, the result would be the opposite. A plébiscite by a sufficient and competent neutral body is not feasible. Most of the members of any such body would not be able to speak Rumanian. They would be forced to work with the small upper class, largely non-Rumanian by race and interest; or at least they certainly would do so—there is ample evidence of this fact in the history of the past two years.

Bessarabia is a representative Near Eastern case. It raises the whole question of whether the fair-sounding phrase "a settlement by nationalities" is not a mere specious

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nothing, hatched in a brain ignorant of the facts, unappreciative of the complications involved. The Near East generally, not Bessarabia alone, is a maze of communities differing from each other, but not necessarily hostile. Perhaps this is the reason why communism is so strong—what other possible governmental solution of their troubles is there, without a long period of riot, oppression, and bloodshed? From every other standpoint except war (the polite term is "national defense") what better solution offers itself than central governments dealing almost entirely with economic questions, and having under them different communities enjoying almost complete autonomy?

The burning issue is: Must war or possible war continue to push every other consideration into the background? From the standpoint of any tolerable future, the writer is forced to sympathize with the consternation of those most concerned at the tendency of Rumania and the other new-rich, new-powerful countries to suppress local autonomy. But we must try to see both sides. These states doubt the sincerity of France, England, and Italy in their talk about peace and amity. Does France expect to give Alsace-Lorraine autonomy? How about Poland, Czecho-Slovakia, and Jugoslavia, with their big patches of aliens? Are these aliens to have the direction of their own affairs? Or is it all merely a gigantic military-economic scheme to crush Central Europe and grab its markets, with cynical disregard of the fact that this means scarcity and high prices in the Near East for years to come? Have the European Great Powers really undergone a change of heart, or only a change of phraseology? Are they still regulating their diplomacy according to all the precedents of the past? In the absence of contrary evidence—this diplomacy being secret—the natural assumption is that they are doing so. As for America, we are looked upon as a sort of "silent partner," well-meaning but not very well informed. Are we?

Foreign Press

Tibet and British Imperial Policy

THE following article, from the *Weekly Summary* of *The Englishman* (Calcutta) of September 4, is of interest at the present time, in view of the negotiations being conducted with the Chinese Government by Sir John Jordan, British Ambassador at Peking, concerning the future status of Tibet:

> Tibet is a land of secrecy and mystery. Nobody knows actually what is happening there, whether there is peace or strife, order or misrule. From time immemorial the Chinaman will tell you he has had a finger in the Tibetan pie. This is, of course, not strictly accurate. The Chinese conquest of Tibet was not actually completed until about two hundred years ago. . . . . And the Chinaman governed well. No manner of complaints ever came through, and though one would not expect complaints to come through, travellers in that land brought back no tales of misrule or oppression, of revolt or rising.
>
> The Home Rule movement in Tibet grew up around the circle of the Dalai Lama, the spiritual head or pope of the country. This being is as often as not a mere boy, so that his powers of administration, were he to possess them, would undoubtedly fall into the hands of some power-seeker in his circle. And this is exactly what happened. Looking for place and power, the friends of the Dalai Lama sought to overthrow the yoke of China, and turned to Britain and Russia for help. This was in the days of Manchu misgovernment and the Russian bogy, and the destiny of a frontier people was in consequence the principal concern of India. The Government of India saw the extent to which Russian influence had pervaded Mukden; and if Manchuria why not Tibet? Both were distant dependencies of China, and in both foreign intrigue might develop beyond the bounds of safety. With Manchuria, Britain was not concerned, but it was to our interest in the security of India that no menace should arise on yet another frontier, and we consequently entertained the idea either of setting up the Tibetans as an independent people—since China was too far away to exclude foreign machinations—or of obtaining a sphere of influence in the country, in which case we could ourselves ward off the foreign intriguer. The extent of Russian complicity with Lhasa has never been fully known. It may have been entirely nonexistent. But it would not have been politic, in the face of persistent reports and of Russia's attitude, for us to shut our eyes to the situation and to possible developments. No actual encouragement was given Tibet. We concluded trade treaties with both that country and with China, and we left things there until the Chinese revolution forced things to a *dénouement*. This was in the year 1911. China had in Tibet an *Amban* or Viceroy who was supported by a Chinese garrison. A General Jung was Viceroy at that date, and the Tibetans, taking advantage of the distraction of the Chinese people in the mighty upheaval in their own country, drove General Jung and his garrison beyond the borders of the country, and it was only with difficulty that the escape of this band of Chinese warriors into India was effected. Peking removed the General from office, and ordered him to hand over the seal and insignia of viceroyalty to Mr. Loo, a Chinese merchant prince of Calcutta. Mr. Loo had himself been in Lhasa, where his trade and banking connections were diverse. In the summer of 1912 Mr. Loo was appointed *Amban* of Tibet, but because of the attitude of that country he has been unable to this day to assume charge of his office. The Viceroy of Tibet, then, is at present a resident in Calcutta, while his province is ruled—or misruled, none can correctly tell—by the Dalai Lama and his friends. China has since the revolution never been wholly in a position to enforce her sovereignty over the Tibetan people. Britain's attitude, besides, has been all along uncertain. Until the war actually forced Russia into our ranks, that is to say actively, the bogy on the frontier still lingered like the smile of the Cheshire cat in "Alice in Wonderland." Britain therefore played with the doctrine of independence, and this encouraged Tibet to make some fanciful demands of China, which China has been unable to concede. The consequence was a protracted three-cornered conference in Delhi and Simla during the years 1913 and 1914, where Sir Arthur M'Mahon, Ivon Chen of China, and the Prime Minister of Tibet, tried all possible ways of adjustment without coming to any final agreement. A little before the outbreak of war the conference rose. Tibet laid claim to territory comprising portions of four provinces of China, and many hundred square miles in extent. She also claimed the reduction of the Chinese garrison with the *Amban* from 500 to 200 men. Sir Arthur M'Mahon compromised it at 300, but the Chinese were not ready to concede this, as well as some other points on which the Tibetans insisted. The conference rose, and Europe, as well as China later, was occupied in the great world war. Raids have taken place on the Tibeto-Chinese frontier, lives have been lost on both sides, but as Peking had not any particular campaign afoot and as the raids were but independent attacks of Chinese generals, they led nowhere and brought no settlement.
>
> The European war being over, the Tibetan question once more comes upon the anvil. The special London correspondent of *The Englishman* has announced that the question is again being raised by Sir John Jordan, British Envoy and Minister in Peking, and that British representations are still aimed at limiting Chinese control over Tibet to one of suzerainty and not of sovereignty, and also to extending the boundaries of

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Tibet, apparently according to the demands of that country at the last conference. How these things will be finally settled remains to be seen and it is likely that another three-cornered conference will be summoned in the near future—possibly in India. China is of the view that Britain is not still insistent on the idea of a buffer state in Tibet, for Russia has had a complete collapse and China is not an unpleasant neighbor. To what extent we shall need to guard against Bolshevism in Tibet, and if so whether we shall demand a sphere of influence, it is as yet too early to say. But what is clear, though, is that Tibet requires a firm hand to guide her, and that by herself she is unable to manage her own affairs, any more than is Korea, who also, we have noticed, has been launching premature demands for "Home Rule." Tibetans visiting India bring stories of misgovernment under the present Dalai Lama régime, stories which may or may not be believed. . . . There is, moreover, China's attitude to consider. China has been particularly firm in this direction, that she does not mean to relinquish her rights in Tibet; and one can readily admit that while China is unable to force an issue with Japan, as she may want to over the Shantung question, China is undoubtedly capable of dealing single-handed with Tibet, that is to say, should Britain assume a front of unmistakable neutrality.

The present *Amban* is very hopeful of entering Tibet in the near future, but whether as Viceroy or resident it is too early yet to say. It is to be hoped, though, that when the conference meets again some definite settlement will be arrived at, so that trade may flow again in the ordinary channels between the different countries, and peace and order be given to the religious dreamers of the Tibetan country.

A Speech by Signor Giolitti

AMONG those presenting themselves in the election tomorrow for seats in the new Italian Parliament is Signor Giolitti, who has been in virtual retirement for the past four years on account of the stand he took in opposition to Italy's entrance into the European War. His long silence was broken at Dronero on October 12, when he addressed his constituents in Piedmont, defending his course in connection with the war and outlining his programme for the future in a speech which has received wide publicity and occasioned extensive comment. Signor Giolitti declared himself against secret treaties and in favor of making it impossible for the executive branch of the government to enter into any international agreement without consent of Parliament. The following summary of his speech is from the report in *Il Messaggero* (Rome) of October 13.

Signor Giolitti began by reminding his constituents that he had represented them in Parliament for thirty-seven years, and then passed quickly to explaining his attitude in regard to the war. He re-stated what he said in Parliament on December 5, 1914, that he had prevented an attack upon Serbia by Austria in August, 1913, by making it known both to the latter country and to Germany that in such an event Italy would not regard the war as defensive, and would not lend any assistance under the terms of the Triple Alliance. Signor Giolitti said that he had foreseen the length and devastation of the war and had believed neutrality to be Italy's proper course. He did not believe in the sentimental appeal on behalf of Belgium, because Italy, like America, was not among the Powers that had guaranteed the integrity of Belgium. He did not approve of plunging a country into war out of sentimentalism in regard to another people. One might throw away his own life for sentiment, but not that of his country.

Speaking of the Pact of London, of which he declared he had been ignorant until it was published in Russia, Signor Giolitti said that by its terms Italy was obviously pledged to full participation in the war against Germany, but that the Salandra Government, by keeping secret this agreement, had made the Italian people conceive of the struggle as a fight against Austria alone, and therefore a smaller and easier task. He also condemned the Salandra Ministry for giving away Fiume to Croatia in the Pact of London at a time when Italy was in a position to enforce its own terms. Speaking of the future, Signor Giolitti said:

"In the face of tremendous dangers, almost any means to avoid a new war, even the most revolutionary, would be justified. But a wise policy ought to reach the same end by legal ways; by provisions and reforms constituting a defensive system against the imperialistic spirit and against the unhealthly ambitions and sinister interests that incite to war in Europe, and that are trying to prepare another. . . . The League of Nations ought to be the first consideration as a guarantee of peace. But the imperialistic spirit that too greatly prevailed in the Peace Conference prevented giving to the League a character and a base such as to constitute the definitive assurance of peace that was in the first proposals of President Wilson."

In conclusion, Signor Giolitti spoke of the rising power of radicalism, saying: "This profound transformation of the forces directing the world will have a great and beneficent reaction upon international politics, to which the people will give a new direction, revealing as the supreme end the abolition of war."

The Rumanians in Bessarabia

THE following article on the Rumanian occupation of Bessarabia is quoted from *l'Humanité* of September 4:

. . . A dispatch from Bucharest gives the official reasons which "have obliged the Rumanian Government" to permit its soldiers to plunder the Hungarian populace, to wit: by the peace of Bucharest, Rumania was forced to supply Austria-Hungary with 70,000 tons of grain, 300,000 sheep, 100,000 swine, etc. The Rumanian Government claims that the present requisitions are only reprisals for what was taken from Rumania by the Austro-Germans in 1918. But it forgets to say that the greater part of the grain and cattle which Rumania supplied at that time to Austria-Hungary came, not from Rumania, but from Bessarabia. To secure it the Rumanian authorities of occupation employed "processes of requisition" of the most abominable nature, and have practised the most barbarous kinds of violence.

The Moldavian, Ukrainian, Russian, and Bulgarian peasants, who form the population of Bessarabia, were forced not only to provide what Rumania had promised to deliver to the Central Empires, but also to feed and lodge the troops of occupation and to satisfy all the caprices of the Rumanian soldiers and gendarmes.

For the slightest disobedience the peasants were flogged. After eight months of this régime of plunder, of theft, and of bloody repression, a Moldavian statesman well known in Bessarabia, M. Alexandri, President of the Moldavian People's League, was obliged to express his opinion of Rumanian tactics in the following terms:

"Under the old régime one Russian policeman sufficed for a whole district. Today, in each commune there are five or six Rumanian gendarmes who requisition everything they wish from the peasants—poultry, eggs, etc.; who deny themselves nothing. Add 50,000 soldiers who live outside the law and steal everything which falls into their hands, and you understand that our people begin to think that the Rumanians are not a nation but a band of robbers." (Quoted from the report presented by the Bessarabian socialists to the Conference of Lucerne.)

Now, for what reasons did the Rumanians in 1918 enter Bessarabia, which was then an autonomous part of the federated Russian republic? The official excuse was the maintenance of

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order against the Bolshevist danger. This excuse was given by the Rumanian Government, and by the diplomatic representatives of the Allies in Bessarabia. The annexation of Bessarabia came later, after the Peace of Bucharest, in agreement with Germany.

Rumanian "practices" in Hungary do not amaze us. We know them. What astounds us is that after the Bessarabian and Hungarian experience, there seems to be a readiness to give to Rumania the mission of reëstablishing order on the other side of the Dniester—where, let it be said in passing, nearly 50,000 Bessarabian peasants have taken refuge in Russian territory, in their flight from the Rumanian hordes. . . .

Notes

DURING September General Smuts made a speaking tour of South Africa, in the course of which he set forth his views on the peace treaty, the League of Nations, and the future of South Africa. The treaty he called a "hard and very terrible document," in which the ideals of justice and democracy for which the war was fought, were not realized. This he deplored, but maintained that the ideals themselves would endure, and could not fail ultimately to bring about a new world. The war undeniably brought about the triumph of the ideals of the British Empire, and the insurance to the world of liberty for all time. The League of Nations, which he regarded as one of the greatest results of the war, was far from perfect, far, indeed, from what he would have wished; he was greatly disappointed by the exclusion of Germany and the other enemy nations. But he believed that they would soon be members, and at all events, he considered the League a step toward a new order; it would in time become a great union of all nations, potent in preserving the peace of the world. Its importance for South Africa was that under the League Covenant South Africa is recognized as an independent state, a distinct and separate entity, in an alliance of free states, the British Empire. It would be the height of folly for South Africa to secede from the Empire; it is not strong enough to exist as an independent republic. He declared that South Africa could without difficulty maintain its integrity within the Empire. Besides, secession would be unconstitutional, as the Constitution provides for a parliament composed of King, Senate, and Assembly, and no one of these can abolish another. South Africa's task was, therefore, by the development of its vast mineral resources, and by a union of its white population, to prove its worth as a free state.

IN an article in *Vorwärts* of October 5, Philipp Scheidemann sets forth, beginning with September 29, 1918, the events which preceded the downfall, on November 9, of the old régime in Germany, and the assumption, by Ebert, Landsberg, Barth, Haase, Dittman, and Scheidemann, of the reins of government. As early as September 29, Scheidemann predicted in a meeting of the Main Committee of the Reichstag that "very soon . . . a Workers' and Soldiers' Council will be holding its sessions here." This prophecy preceded by only a few days the struggle for a new Imperial Chancellor. The Social Democratic party plead for a parliamentary candidate, on the ground that it was necessary for the Reichstag to prove in this way the sincerity of its professed desire for democratization. Prince Max of Baden was chosen only after it was found that no other candidate was acceptable to all parties. Scheidemann almost immediately found himself at variance with the new Chancellor because of an old letter of the Prince's, published abroad, which sharply contradicted his professed democratic programme. Scheidemann threatened to resign, but the crisis was, for the time, averted. The next difficulty arose over the question of the censorship. Scheidemann supported the policy of lifting the censorship with regard to the Emperor, on the grounds that his rumored resignation was a political rather than a military affair, and should not be subjected to military censorship. By the end of October so acute had become the whole question of the attitude of the press toward the Emperor's abdication, that Scheidemann wrote his well-known letter to the Chancellor, saying that it was now the duty of the ministers to recommend to the Emperor, through the Chancellor, that he resign. On November 4, as a result of alarming news from Kiel, Noske was sent there through Scheidemann's efforts, and practically took over the government. Meanwhile reports of revolutionary activities came from many cities. Attempts were made to put down these uprisings, and to prohibit the founding of Workers' and Soldiers' Councils and the mass meetings summoned in Berlin for the evening of November 7. Scheidemann energetically opposed these repressive measures. Matters came to a head in a few days. Scheidemann asked the permission of his party to resign. Attempts were made to formulate conditions under which the Social Democrats would remain in the Government: meetings must be allowed; the Kaiser must resign by the next day; the Independents must be invited to enter the Government. But all attempts to bolster up the old Government were useless. On November 9, what Scheidemann calls the "moribund structure of Prussian Kaiserism" collapsed, and Scheidemann and his party assumed control.

THE intense anti-militaristic trend in Denmark is shown by an article in *Politiken* of September 3, which states that Herr Munch, Minister of Defence, has brought before the Danish Rigsdag a proposal that the fortifications of Copenhagen be practically abandoned at once. According to earlier legislation, they were to have been maintained until 1922, but the proposal to dismantle them without delay shows that the anti-militaristic party is growing in strength, though the dispatch states that the Conservatives will no doubt oppose the Government proposition.

L'HUMANITE of September 11 prints an account of the repressive measures taken in Rumania against the Socialists. On the day war was declared, the chief party organ, *Lupta*, was suppressed, the locals of the organization closed, and a number of Socialists not only arrested, but cruelly maltreated. Then came the German occupation, during which conditions were not improved. The people were driven by hunger and privation to strike, and dared to print manifestoes extolling May Day and the Russian Revolution, and denouncing militarism. The result was that hundreds were dispatched to German prisons, and were not released until the November revolution. After the German occupation, the persecution was even more bitter. The Socialist movement, as a consequence of the suffering of the people, and their losses during the war, was given a new impetus. In November, 1918, a series of strikes took place, and resulted in many of the Socialist leaders being sent to prison, or condemned to death. *L'Humanité* ends by suggesting that as the Swedish workers have refused to send supplies and munitions to Kolchak, so the French should refuse to support the reactionary forces in Rumania.

THE Women's International League for Peace and Liberty has issued an appeal on behalf of the Austrian, Hungarian, German, and Turkish prisoners of war in Siberia. Originally there were 350,000 Austro-Hungarian prisoners in Siberia, and about 150,000 Germans. These numbers have now dwindled to 200,000 and 50,000 respectively, the decrease being due, not to repatriation, but to the enormous death rate among them, caused by lack of proper food, clothing, and medical attention. The Soviet Government when it came into power, gave them their freedom, but the counter-revolution re-interned them as enemy prisoners, although it was not fighting their countries. The Supreme Council at Paris continues to regard them as prisoners of the Entente, and has steadily refused to allow steps to be

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taken for their repatriation, although it did include an article in the Treaty of St. Germain providing for the return of Austrian prisoners from Siberia after the treaty goes into effect (Hungarian prisoners were not included). Meanwhile, the Danish Mission in Siberia, which has charge of a great number of these men, reports from Irkutsk, where most of them are interned, that "half of the prisoners have tuberculosis, or are in a terribly weakened physical state as the result of scurvy and malaria. Furthermore there is an abnormally high percentage of mental disturbance. During the four and one-half years' imprisonment, the greater part of the prisoners have aged from fifteen to twenty years, as has been repeatedly exposed by physicians who performed autopsies." The immediate necessity is money for supplies, which may be sent in care of the International Red Cross, Geneva.

ACCORDING to *The Japan Chronicle* an epidemic of strikes is flourishing in Japan. From July 1 to 25 these agitations numbered fifty, involving 20,000 people, and since then their number has increased rapidly. In most cases the strikes were for higher wages. In several instances the employers anticipated the demands of their workmen by voluntarily raising their wages, as in the case of the Tokyo Denki Kaisha, near Yokohama, which advanced the wages of its employees from twenty-five to sixty-five per cent., and adopted the eight hour day. One strike which was an exception to the usual rule was that of the workers in one of the largest Japanese publishing houses, on July 22-27. Its demands are interesting, as being those of a model strike. They included provision for increase in wages; Sunday rest with pay; limitation of and extra pay for night work; protection for sick and injured; more sanitary working conditions; and that one representative from each section of the factory be admitted to meetings of the company. This strike, which was carried on in a most orderly way, finally included a large percentage of the printers, and resulted in the granting of their demands, with some modifications.

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